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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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JANUARY—JUNE.

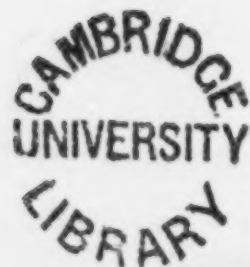
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THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1864.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

- The Family Treasury. *Edited by the Rev. A. Cameron.* Nelson and Sons.
- The Christian Treasury. *Edited by the Rev. A. Cameron.* Johnstone. Hunter & Co.
- The Youth's Magazine for 1863. Sunday School Union.
- Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1863. Sunday School Union.
- Scenes on the Life of St. Peter. *By James Spence, M.A., D.D.* The Religious Tract Society.
- Life in a Risen Saviour. *By Robert S. Candlish, D.D.* Adam & C. Black.
- The Destiny of Nations. *By Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E.* Hurst & Blackett.
- The Foundations of our Faith. *By Professors Auberlen, Gess, and others.* Strahan & Co.
- Modern Civilisation in Relation to Christianity. *By W. M'Combie.* Blackwood & Sons.
- Caxtoniana. *By Sir. E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.* Blackwood & Sons.
- Industrial Biography. *By Samuel Smiles.* J. Murray.
- Chronicles of the Schönberg-cotta Family. J. Nelson & Sons.
- The Silver Casket. *By L. O. E.* J. Nelson & Sons.
- By-Gone Days in our Village. *By J. L. W.* Oliphant & Co.
- Steps in the Dark. *By H. M.* Oliphant & Co.
- Modern France. *By A. V. Kirwan.* Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.
- Fireside Chats with the Youngsters. *By Old Merry.* Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.
- Busy Hands and Patient Hearts. *Translated from the German.* Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.
- Spectropia, or Surprising Spectral Illusions. *By J. H. Brown.* Griffith & Farran.

THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

ANDREW REED.*

IF a life is to be estimated as great by what it has effected, then, beyond all question, this is a great life—few greater; its activity is manifold and incessant. A life achieving so much may, of course, present many aspects of disproportion, for it is not the mere uniform and balanced being, even when it rises to more than superficial neatness, which accomplishes much—rather it is the mind capable of conceiving vast and comprehensive ideas, and with the pertinacity and singleness of will, able to carry them out to accomplishment.

Although Dr. Reed's name is, we suppose, well known throughout Nonconformist circles, we believe the achievements recorded in this volume will take many by surprise—labours spread over half-a-century grow and pass out of sight till, when the moment comes for the accumulated record, they startle: we are struck with amazement that such a prodigality of action should be related to a life we only knew as sinking into old age.

Andrew Reed was descended from a family of simple folks, whose only pride seems to have been, that they were Puritans; one of them, indeed, Lieutenant-Colonel John Reed, an officer in the Parliamentary army, held the good town and county of Poole against all comers for the Commonwealth of England. The family belonged to Maiden-Newton, in Dorsetshire, and when the time came that it was necessary to choose between a proud, and worldly, and irreligious priest, and the purity of Gospel worship, the Reeds earned for themselves the name, with others, of the "Newton Gospellers." Andrew Reed, the father of the subject of this memoir, about the middle of the eighteenth

Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D., with Selections from his Journals. Edited by his Sons, Andrew Reed, B.A., and Charles Reed, F.S.A. Strahan and Co.

century, in the days of Whitefield and Wesley, went with his brothers into the highways and hedges, reading the Scriptures on village greens, gathering cottage meetings, as their parents had done before them, or sometimes, when some more eminent preacher came along, constituting themselves his body-guard, protecting him from insult and injury. Thus, when the late John Clayton, then an assistant to Sir Harry Trelawny, called in derision, "The Cornish Baronet Saint," travelled as an evangelist in Dorsetshire, and preached from a tombstone, in the churchyard of Toller Porcorum, "the six six-foot Reeds," a nickname by which the young men, who were all stalwart, were known in the villages, stood round and awed the unruly assemblage into silence, if not into respect. Of the brothers, Andrew was the only one who had learned a mechanical trade; he was a watchmaker. Arrived at the age of twenty-one, in 1769, he left his father's house; filled with the ambition of reaching London, as thousands of other youths in like circumstances have been. Dreaming of future fortunes, he seems to have footed it to the big strange city all the way; he entered London without a friend to greet him or a lodging to call his own, but he found means, however, to put up what we may be sure was a rude little sign-board, "*Andrew Reed, Watchmaker.*" He soon became a member of religious circles, and, young and helpless as he was, engaged in works of religious usefulness. He seems to have connected himself with the then existing church on the Pavement, in Moorfields, under the ministry of Dr. Conder; and visiting a dying man one Sunday, at the Doctor's request, in one of the low rooms in Drury Lane, he overheard in an adjoining room, a female voice apparently offering prayer. Entering the apartment when the prayer was ended, he saw by the bedside of a sick woman his future wife, Mary Ann Mullen. She seems to have been a brave creature; she had lost her parents; had been deprived of her rightful inheritance; cast upon the world, she was keeping a little dame-school in Little Britain. Her own trials had not hardened, but, on the contrary, made tender, her heart, and she devoted herself to acts of charity and mercy on the Sabbath, while earning her living during the week. The young couple soon married, and occupied part of a house in Butcher Row, St. Clement Danes, beyond Temple Bar. We are glad to see a very pretty engraving of the old house in the volume before us. Of course it has long since yielded to London improvements. It had been built in the reign of Edward VI., had seen better days, had been the residence of the Duke of Sully in 1603, and when our young couple, so strangely brought together, entered it, still had its

old, low, but ornamental ceiling and polished floor. Mary Reed was a member of Dr., then Mr. Winter's, church, New Court, Carey Street, and when they settled in their new home, the pastor went, and, with a few other friends, had a thanksgiving for God's goodness in bringing them together—in that foolish, old-fashioned way of holiness our fathers were so fond of, and which has now, no doubt for our increase in happiness and holiness, gone out of date. Up in a large airy garret of the old tenement, the young watchmaker pursued his subtle handicraft, and his young wife still gathered her pupils in the old drawing-room below; and it is to be thought, from the accounts we have of them, that in this striving kind of painful life the poor things were happy. Three children came and went in infancy, and then ANDREW, the fourth son, was born on the 27th of December, 1787; and in 1793, Martha, at one time very well known by *The Biography of a Beloved Sister*. This brother and sister became inseparable, till the sister's death. Years after he commenced a journal, with words revealing his abiding affection for her, and the sorrow of his heart, "My sister! is it greater joy to have had thee, or sorrow to have lost thee?" At a later period of life, Andrew Reed recollected, and recorded with great affectionateness of spirit, the holy influence and pure delight of that home. He says:—

I recollect nothing at this period that gave me such an elevated idea of my father's goodness as his acts of prayer; and my mind returns to few things in childhood with more pleasure than to many of our Sabbath evenings. At these seasons we were required to repeat what we could remember of the public services. We then went through our catechetical exercises; and, at the end of these, we generally took our places, my sister on the lap, and myself between the knees, of our beloved parent. His countenance, naturally grave, would wear a serene smile; and he would enter into familiar conversation with us, not talking about religion, but talking religiously, answering our questions or proposing his own. We then chose a hymn, and he sang it with us. We thought no one could sing so sweetly. Afterwards he would press us nearer to his side, and say with a feeling we could not then understand, "God Almighty bless ye, my children!" It was an hour of gladness.

The father and mother were too conscientious and high-principled to fail in providing some schooling for their son, but it was at a considerable sacrifice. War-taxes were fearful, bread sixteenpence-halfpenny the four-pound loaf; while it was said in Parliament, and Mr. Pitt was unable to deny it, that the wheat wasted every year in hair-powder would have made more than a million of loaves. Andrew received the more considerable part of his education from the Rev. Anthony Crole, the minister of

Founder's Hall, in Colebrook Row, Islington. But the proposal for the bringing down of the whole block of houses where the watchmaker carried on his pursuits, led to the removal of the family, and Andrew ended his scholar's days for the present at Hayes, near Bromley. In due time, he became a watchmaker, still beneath his father's care. He seems to have received, not only the ordinary parent's affection, but ministration to his mind; and it is curious to read of the little fellow walking by his father's side, while the elder related to him the recent tragic history of Dr. Dodd, we may be sure, with all its appropriate lessons; and how together they went to the scene of the Gordon Riots; and how his father bore him through the crowd in the great rejoicings and illuminations at the West End, on the occasion of the acquittal of Warren Hastings; how his mother took him to see the newly-erected monument to John Howard, and his father to the meeting for the formation and commencement of the Tract Society. All these curious and now old-world incidents bring before us very varied impressions and suggestions, and they fell into a nature able to appropriate them, and turn them to account. Andrew Reed became a member of the church over which, a few years after, he became the pastor. Mr. Lyndall, from York, was called to become the minister at the New Road, St. George's-in-the-East; he attracted the Reeds, and Andrew and his mother became regular attendants. After a period of indecision, he was really as well as seriously impressed; he became a convert, and as his father more earnestly visited as an evangelist the suburban villages in the neighbourhood of London, he became his regular companion: the father carried the well-worn Concordance, and the son the Bible, and so they walked along the dusty roads, the son turning to the references with ease and rapidity. Returning at night, it was their custom to while away the time by singing or repeating hymns. His father by his dispossession from Beaumont House, was induced to change his trade, and provided for his family by the opening of a Staffordshire warehouse or China-shop in Chiswell Street; aided by his excellent, brave, and admirable wife; the glimpses we catch of this beautiful and true woman are all very bright and touching; she helped and animated her son in the beginnings of his Christian course. He became a Sunday-school teacher, he devoted himself assiduously to the work of self-education, especially to theological training and education. His mother adopted into the family, a poor, illiterate orphan-girl, and he undertook her education. He relinquished watchmaking, gave up all idea of business, and devoted himself to study; there was also a Young Men's Society he joined at

Ponder's End, bearing the not very propitious name—though its origin is easily seen—of the “Contending Brethren.” He became known to the rough old sarcastic Nonconformist wit, Matthew Wilks, then minister of the Tabernacle, Moorfields; he catalogued Mr. Wilks's library, an occupation we can very well believe to have been a most congenial one,—living on the ladder for many weeks, revelling amidst old folios covered with the dust and cobwebs of half-a-century. Then he entered Hackney Academy; some friends, amongst others Dr. Blair, who heard him preach at Woodford, were desirous he should study at Cambridge. He, however, thoughtfully declined, and cast his lot where conscience dictated, among the Nonconformists. Many places appear to have offered to the youth, who soon gave the promise of considerable eloquence. He visited many parts of the country; he was invited to become co-pastor of the Tabernacle, but upon the resignation of Mr. Lyndall, he was called to the oversight of the church of which he had been a member. Dr. Edward Jenner seems to have been an attendant upon the ministry of the young man, and counselled his settlement. At that time, the New Road Chapel was pleasantly situated in a suburban district, very unlike what it is now to the traveller through the East-End of London. He poured a young earnest soul into the ministry, and formed his pulpit-method upon models and instincts which were unknown and inoperative then in the active work of the pastorate. In the company of his sister Martha he spent his first preparative years of labour, feeling after the avenues and the instruments of usefulness. In the first seven years he added 354 members to the church; during the same seven years a debt of £2000 was paid off, and for the first time in its history of forty years, it was free. In 1816, he married his still surviving widow, but he had not yet, nor for some years after, separated himself to a more distinguished work beyond the many brethren labouring with or around him.

Andrew Reed had his full share of popularity as a minister, but it is as a philanthropist he has the most eminent claims upon the gratitude of the country and posterity. Orphanage early impressed his mind; there was a female orphan asylum he visited as a lad in order to clean the clock or clocks, and some feelings awakened by it appear to have been durable: and the nation had never been called to this solemn and affecting work, when about 1811 or 1812 he seriously revolved the project in his mind. For some time Andrew, with his sister Martha, took pity upon and supported entirely some few poor motherless children in Wapping, removing them to a suitable place of habitation and protection. While intent upon their own de-

signs of usefulness in this way, they heard that a person who had a small post in the Customs was in the habit of seeking out destitute children and orphans in the neighbourhood of Wapping, and providing them employment in his spinning-room; thither went the brother and sister, but discovered to their grief that this flourishing philanthropist had devised a set of schemes for taking advantage of the indigence of the orphans, binding them for a term of service extending through several years on condition of supplying them with board and lodging. Infants of five years old were at the wheel eleven and thirteen hours a day; and on attaining the age of twelve were bound to a shoe-factory on Tower Hill, receiving a very small weekly allowance in return for their services. This person strove very hard to enlist Mr. Reed's sympathies in support of his scheme; he offered to take the orphan family off his hands, and suggested that his was a kind of charity that might be made to answer well if more capital could be brought into the concern. Mr. Reed remarked that in working such a plan he could hardly need assistance; it was no doubt a good speculation; but it was not charity! But this sad visit was propitious to orphanhood, for he set to work in earnest to accomplish his divine and comprehensive idea; but the beginnings were small—nay, they were discouraging; at the first meeting called in Wellclose-square:—

“When the clock struck,” he writes, “I was told that only about sixty or seventy persons were assembled, and I knew not what to do. I went in, took the chair, apologized, and explained the object of the meeting. As the larger part of the audience were of my own congregation, there was not much difficulty in keeping them in good-humour. I read the rules, and obtained speakers. We gathered £66, elected a treasurer, and chose a committee. The beginning is, indeed, small.”

But the young man was not to be discouraged; he was made of the stuff which completes and embodies ideas; he took out his pencil and wrote in his pocket-book, as if to rebuke his despondency of soul, “What, despond with the cross before you!” and underneath the words he sketched a cross encircled with the motto, “Nil desperandum,” and this device was afterwards engraven on his seal, and used by him through life, in place of the crest belonging to his family. The biographers detail the difficulties of these first attempts. The speculative shoemaker of Tower Hill attended the meeting, desired to link his fortune with the new enterprise, and put in a claim to be manager of the new institution! and, of course, many of the more influential persons of the committee encouraged his pretensions. Committeedom is always in danger from such incurable blockheads, and, in fact, the speculator in orphans had to be satisfied, he contended, that

he had grounds of complaints against somebody or other for disappointments; so his spinning machinery was taken off his hands, and he ceased to be a troubler. Still the beginnings were small, but there was an indefatigable secretary, and a matron, and a ladies' committee, and thus a household was formed and ordered; and, determining to put it on a catholic basis, a clergyman of the Church of England consented to share the work of secretary. In 1815 the local title of 'East London' was dropped, and this first charity became known as the 'London Orphan Asylum.' We read with much interest all the struggles of that year. Mr. Reed, no doubt, secured the success of the undertaking by aiming at once for Royal patronage; he obtained the help of the Duke of Kent, the father of her Majesty, and the Duke of Sussex, and it was not a cold and formal sanction; most of the Royal Family gave their names heartily to the design. Then came the determination to build an Institution; but now a banker in Lombard-street dropped a hint as to the expensiveness of the management. Within a week Mr. Reed had visited the Naval and Military, and Deaf and Dumb Asylums, and being able to prove by a comparison of figures the groundlessness of the objection, on the strength of the vindication "he obtained an increased donation from the objector." Of this time of his life and labour, he says, "a celebrated orator has said, 'Action, action, action;' I scour London, crying, 'Money, money, money.'" And he was successful; he procured the money, and purchased for 3,500 guineas eight acres in the Clapton Fields, with a good house and walls; but the building cost £25,000; he appealed to the Governors of the Bank of England, the Docks, the East India Company, the Corporation of the City of London, and when by these companies he was asked the question, "Please to inform the Court what is the annual salary of your principal officers and secretaries?" he says, "I was glad at heart to be able to reply, 'Not one penny.'" The King, George IV., was memorialized, and he instantly gave his name. By a letter from Lord Sidmouth, it appears the King recognized in the memorialist, Andrew Reed, the name of the author of two sermons upon the deaths of his royal father, his illustrious daughter, and brother—the Princess Charlotte and the Duke of Kent—which he had read with pleasure. On the 5th of May, 1821, the stone was laid by the Duke of York. Mr. Reed says, "for five weeks previous to the 5th of May I was so occupied that I could scarcely see my family during the whole of that time." Then on the religious question he was threatened with trouble.

In the midst of my preparations I had reason to believe, that the

Bishop of London had received a wrong impression regarding our intentions from Dr. Watson, the Vicar of Hackney. I determined, therefore, to see the Doctor. I explained to him, that I was a Dissenter; that many of the supporters of the charity were Dissenters too; that, however, we had no party views; and, moreover, that we were pledged to certain principles. The result was, that the worthy man rose from his chair, shook me by the hand, and said, "Mr. Reed, I acknowledge that I have injured your charity; I have done it under misconception; I am bound to set it right; and that I will do without delay." He ordered his carriage, and went in search of the Bishop. When he returned, he called and brought me twenty guineas from the Bishop, and thirty guineas from himself; told me he had arranged it all, and asked me to go to Fulham. I had rarely met with a finer instance of generous conduct than that of Dr. Watson; and I must always esteem him for it.

Unhappily, the stone was not laid without an accident; the arrangements, all agreed, were perfect but, as, the officers of the Institution and the more distinguished guests stood round the stone, after the Lord Mayor had first delivered a statement in reference to the asylum, and the Bishop of London had just concluded his dedicatory prayer, and the children were preparing for the hymn, suddenly the platform gave way.

The Duke of York was standing by the side of Mr. Reed, but both escaped, so also did the Prince Leopold, the Bishops, and the Civic Authorities; but Dr. Alexander Waugh fell into the basement of the chapel, and a labourer who was underneath was killed; the presence of mind displayed both by the Duke of York and Mr. Reed was very remarkable. The Duke resisted a suggestion of adjournment, declaring that he would not leave till the stone was laid. Mr. Reed's coolness and promptitude of action, worthy of a battlefield, are evinced by a memorandum still extant, written upon a slip of paper on the crown of his hat while the ceremony was proceeding—submitting certain questions to the clerk of the works, with instructions to report upon them to a special board, to be held immediately on the departure of the Royal party. We agree with the biographers, that so characteristic a document may be inserted without apology.

Report,—Who were underneath at the time? Who was killed? Where did he live? What was being done when the accident happened? How was the tackling for the stone secured? Was it at any time lashed to the scaffolding? Was there any planking under the up-rights? How far were the sockets let into the ground?

It turned out that the poor man killed was himself the unwitting cause of the sad occurrence.

* * * * *

The great consideration of the Duke of York was again shown in

reference to the dinner held the same evening at the London Tavern. Feeling the shock so much as to deter him from leaving home, he urged the Prince Leopold to preside; and his Royal Highness came, saying, "The illustrious Duke's absence, if I can will it so, shall be no loss to you, but rather gain." By pledging the company in these spirited terms, the distinguished chairman accomplished his design; and the result was, the largest subscription ever announced in the City on such an occasion. Mr. Reed, always reluctant to speak, was called up by the company. After a touching allusion to the occurrence of the morning, as having added to the orphanage asylums of the land, he is reported to have said,—

"Go, gentlemen, and make yourselves acquainted with the high luxury of doing good. Go, gentlemen, and carry away with you the tears of these widows, the prayers of these orphans, and the blessings of those who were ready to perish. Go, illustrious Prince, and, amidst all your state and titles, let the title (Vice-President) arising from this Charity stand pre-eminent."

Throughout the erection of the building difficulties accumulated. In the spring of 1824 the funds were very low; a very advantageous offer was made for Drury Lane Theatre for a special performance, and Mr. Byng, the member for Middlesex, Mr. Reed's constant friend, advised a Ball, and promised to get the lady patronesses of Almack's to befriend the asylum. We are glad to know that the founder had the courage to say, although we are sure he said it with all his native urbanity, "It has not yet come to this that we must dance for the charity. I calculate that we can well provide the ways and means for current expenses, and then £4000 more for the works will see us through. This, surely, we can get without a Ball."

The practical value of Mr. Reed's superintendence of the works, may be best understood by his note-book, filled with entries like the following:—

Your opinion on these points by Monday:—What the average heat of the steam on first entering pipes, and what at the angle at any given distance; say 30, 50, and 70 feet? If the pressure is 236 for 4 lbs., would there be any diminution of heat, taken at about 20 minutes, in 100 feet? Can you convey your heat equally in contrary directions; say, in a perpendicular line and by a horizontal? Does the heated air rob the atmospheric air of its moisture to any great extent?

Having obtained the information, he proceeded to test various plans of warming the building. He fitted up a copper in the girls' house, creating an artificial current by means of bellows. This not answering, he constructed at his own house an apparatus having a blowing machine, with complete success. The constructive turn which he possessed by nature, had been developed to some extent by his early

employment, and was trained into considerable skill by means of various experiments made in machinery. His family possess the model of a most ingenious contrivance of his, by means of which, could it have been carried to the perfection aimed at, he would have furnished to the world the long desired illustration of a perpetual motion. But a constant round of public duties left him little time for such speculations. "I was obliged," he says, "to continue my daily attendance at Clapton; and still, from insufficient drawings at the right time, and from the builder becoming a bankrupt, it was a work encompassed with great difficulties."

A man does not know what sort of voyage he is undertaking when he sets sail upon a great design like this,—toil followed on toil—the toil of procuring money. During six weeks before the opening, Mr. Reed did not dine with his family more than once in the week—he had to bring his family from Cheshunt to Hackney to be near the field of labour. Yet, when his friend Dr. Mitchell remonstrated with him, and charged him to do less, he replied, "The idea of 'doing less' is only tolerable in the 'prospect of being allowed to do more.'" It is almost painful to notice how in all such work the Court life has to be conciliated, that it may be almost seduced to render the favour and the light of its countenance. We have sometimes heard the expression of some sarcasm and sneers at Dr. Reed's expense, on account of his great success in winning for all his designs the favourable regards of the Court Circular; but we believe he acted wisely, he wished his institutions to be regarded as national property. It was natural, therefore, that among other countenances, the benignant countenance of Royalty should be won. Moreover, all people worship Peers, and sun themselves in the daylight of their smiles, even we ourselves, who are somewhat ascetic in our tastes, feel certain that there would be an increased celerity of our pulse, and a gentle fluttering and agitation perceptible in the region of our heart, if we received the notice of noble or illustrious personages. Moreover, it is quite notorious, that a public dinner is not half a dinner without a Peer; and, on the contrary, the worst dinner is a dinner for two if eaten in the company of an illustrious Duke. We have perhaps thought as we read this very interesting biography of one of the most useful of philanthropists, that the writers dwelt too lengthily upon the routes by which their honoured parent reached the stairs of Buckingham Palace, for there are persons who suppose that we Dissenters have no business transactions with Buckingham Palace, but, on the whole, the thing is as well as it is. It must be admitted that royal persons, kings, queens, and princes, and dukes, seem to have

responded most heartily to Dr. Reed's invitations, and to have been even anxious to serve him in his work.

When the London Orphan Asylum was firmly established and settled in good working order, Mr. Reed began to bring to the light another project he had long kept in abeyance. It is said, we may often meet indeed with a man who has written *no* book, seldom with a man who has written only one. Authorship is prolific, and the author has usually the gift of fecundity; so with the philanthropist, and the man who has originated, and successfully carried through, one great design, will usually endeavour to do more, and especially if his has been the acting and operating arm and brain. So far back as 1821, he thought of infant orphans under six years of age. The London Orphan Asylum contemplated provision only for those beyond that period of life. In 1827 the first meeting was called, and Mr. Byng again presided at the inauguration of the new Institution. The meeting was called at the London Tavern, and the avenues were crowded with poor women, bearing in their arms infant children, intended candidates for admission. The moving spring was kept in the background; Mr. Byng was announced as president, and Dr. Rudge as secretary; Mr. Reed purposely kept his name out of sight, while leading the way in the subscription list with one of the largest contributions of the day, noting it in his pocket-book as "To an infant charity which shall be second to none 'in the kingdom.'" His interest did not diminish in the Orphan-house of Clapton, but for the infants he felt even a tenderer and yet more paternal feeling, and his biographers record, that when he took his children at Christmas-time to London, as was his custom, for their 'City day,' he never forgot to purchase as many more things for the orphans as he did for his own, and with their free consent, better things too.

The Duke of Wellington, with a prompt and business-like energy, lent his iron hand to prop Mr. Reed's design as soon as it was laid before him, and when it was proposed to build, he wrote, "It is a good cause, apply for a grant of crown land, and I will back your application." He succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of Prince Albert to lay the stone of the Wanstead Asylum:—

When the stone was laid, the mallet, which had been carved out of oak from the Old Royal Exchange, and suitably inscribed on a silver shield, was presented, as a memento, to the Prince. After reading the inscription attentively, he called Dr. Reed across the platform, and said, "I am glad to be of a little use in the cause of Christian charity; but this, Dr. Reed, by all right belongs to you, and I beg you to accept of it." The mallet bore the following inscription: "This mallet, made

employment, and was trained into considerable skill by means of various experiments made in machinery. His family possess the model of a most ingenious contrivance of his, by means of which, could it have been carried to the perfection aimed at, he would have furnished to the world the long desired illustration of a perpetual motion. But a constant round of public duties left him little time for such speculations. "I was obliged," he says, "to continue my daily attendance at Clapton; and still, from insufficient drawings at the right time, and from the builder becoming a bankrupt, it was a work encompassed with great difficulties."

A man does not know what sort of voyage he is undertaking when he sets sail upon a great design like this,—toil followed on toil—the toil of procuring money. During six weeks before the opening, Mr. Reed did not dine with his family more than once in the week—he had to bring his family from Cheshunt to Hackney to be near the field of labour. Yet, when his friend Dr. Mitchell remonstrated with him, and charged him to do less, he replied, "The idea of 'doing less' is only tolerable in the prospect of being allowed to do more." It is almost painful to notice how in all such work the Court life has to be conciliated, that it may be almost seduced to render the favour and the light of its countenance. We have sometimes heard the expression of some sarcasm and sneers at Dr. Reed's expense, on account of his great success in winning for all his designs the favourable regards of the Court Circular; but we believe he acted wisely, he wished his institutions to be regarded as national property. It was natural, therefore, that among other countenances, the benignant countenance of Royalty should be won. Moreover, all people worship Peers, and sun themselves in the daylight of their smiles, even we ourselves, who are somewhat ascetic in our tastes, feel certain that there would be an increased celerity of our pulse, and a gentle fluttering and agitation perceptible in the region of our heart, if we received the notice of noble or illustrious personages. Moreover, it is quite notorious, that a public dinner is not half a dinner without a Peer; and, on the contrary, the worst dinner is a dinner for two if eaten in the company of an illustrious Duke. We have perhaps thought as we read this very interesting biography of one of the most useful of philanthropists, that the writers dwelt too lengthily upon the routes by which their honoured parent reached the stairs of Buckingham Palace, for there are persons who suppose that we Dissenters have no business transactions with Buckingham Palace, but, on the whole, the thing is as well as it is. It must be admitted that royal persons, kings, queens, and princes, and dukes, seem to have

responded most heartily to Dr. Reed's invitations, and to have been even anxious to serve him in his work.

When the London Orphan Asylum was firmly established and settled in good working order, Mr. Reed began to bring to the light another project he had long kept in abeyance. It is said, we may often meet indeed with a man who has written *no* book, seldom with a man who has written only one. Authorship is prolific, and the author has usually the gift of fecundity; so with the philanthropist, and the man who has originated, and successfully carried through, one great design, will usually endeavour to do more, and especially if his has been the acting and operating armand brain. So far back as 1821, he thought of infant orphans under six years of age. The London Orphan Asylum contemplated provision only for those beyond that period of life. In 1827 the first meeting was called, and Mr. Byng again presided at the inauguration of the new Institution. The meeting was called at the London Tavern, and the avenues were crowded with poor women, bearing in their arms infant children, intended candidates for admission. The moving spring was kept in the background; Mr. Byng was announced as president, and Dr. Rudge as secretary; Mr. Reed purposely kept his name out of sight, while leading the way in the subscription list with one of the largest contributions of the day, noting it in his pocket-book as "To an infant charity which shall be second to none "in the kingdom." His interest did not diminish in the Orphan-house of Clapton, but for the infants he felt even a tenderer and yet more paternal feeling, and his biographers record, that when he took his children at Christmas-time to London, as was his custom, for their 'City day,' he never forgot to purchase as many more things for the orphans as he did for his own, and with their free consent, better things too.

The Duke of Wellington, with a prompt and business-like energy, lent his iron hand to prop Mr. Reed's design as soon as it was laid before him, and when it was proposed to build, he wrote, "It is a good cause, apply for a grant of crown land, and I will back your application." He succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of Prince Albert to lay the stone of the Wanstead Asylum :—

When the stone was laid, the mallet, which had been carved out of oak from the Old Royal Exchange, and suitably inscribed on a silver shield, was presented, as a memento, to the Prince. After reading the inscription attentively, he called Dr. Reed across the platform, and said, "I am glad to be of a little use in the cause of Christian charity; but this, Dr. Reed, by all right belongs to you, and I beg you to accept of it." The mallet bore the following inscription: "This mallet, made

of the oak of the former Old Exchange, was used by H.R.H. Prince Albert in laying the first stone of the Infant Orphan Asylum, at Wanstead, June 24th, 1841." Dr. Reed placed it on his desk when he returned home. "Thank God," he writes, "the deed is done: now for action."

Three days afterwards a grand banquet took place in Christ's Hospital. He mentions some difficulty he had in obtaining the Duke of Wellington to take the chair at two meetings in one year—for the London Orphan and for the Infant Orphan Asylums:—

"Much joy," he writes, in 1842, "for the Asylums. I succeeded in getting the Duke [of Wellington] to preside at both our dinners. This saved us from failure, and gave us £2,400 for the London, and £1,400 for the Infant. I had a hard and long battle with the Old Captain: and these are the only two occasions on which he has been enticed into the City. On one he played Fabius; but I would not be denied. Alas! he is but the remnant of himself. He fell asleep in his chair between the toasts: and I had to awaken him without his being aware of it, but in time to keep us going."

It was on one of these occasions the Duke said: "I have not been to a public dinner for some years, and I resolved that, as age and infirmities are creeping upon me, I would go to no more; but I am here to-night, at the request of that great and good man (pointing to Dr. Reed), whose wishes are to me law, and whose entreaties I felt as a command it was impossible to resist."

These illustrations seem like the coarse, vulgar ropes and pulleys by which such institutions are sustained. Far more touching, and sanctifying the whole, is the following entry in the journal for 1838:—

We have received, by *prompt* admission, a little infant two months old. Its parents were married just twelve months ago. The father died a month after the marriage, the mother a fortnight after the birth of the child; and the orphan babe was left alone in this cold world. This is the triumph of charity; I thanked God afresh for the Asylum.

Eventually, Wanstead Infant Orphan Asylum became the property of the Church of England. Dr. Reed was compelled by his convictions to resign his relations to, although not his interest in, the Asylum; and he then proceeded, not in the spirit of rivalry or revenge, but from his feeling of the necessity put upon him, to originate the Asylum for Fatherless Children, free from all tests, and irrespective of sect or party, and based upon the most liberal foundation. The successive steps along which this institution has passed are well known to our readers, and it especially needs the Nonconformists' care. In 1846, he

said, "Now I will go to the lowest," and he prepared to lay the foundation of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood. The idea of succouring the idiot was not new to him, he had long pondered it. He studied the medical aspects of idiocy; he travelled and made personal observations abroad. At last, in 1847, the asylum was formed, the original address was prepared by Dr. Reed, and read by Mr. Charles Gilpin. It was scattered forth over the country, with the motto, "We plead for those who cannot plead for themselves." The following sentences are illustrative of the whole:—

"England, our beloved country, is greatly distinguished among the nations by the Divine Providence. On her head there rest many crowns; but the fairest and the brightest is that of charity!" After showing that every other form of evil by which humanity suffers has been searched out and relieved, he declares that the idiot has been uncared for; that experiments on the Continent prove THE IDIOT MAY BE EDUCATED; and, therefore, he calls for an effort in England, "which is urged with the more earnestness because, of all the spheres of charity, it supplies the least aliment to vapid sentiment, and demands that it be fulfilled under a rigid and extraordinary sense of duty,—the duty which man owes to man. Something, however, must be done: in charity it must be done, in consistency it must be done, unless we would allow other nations to outrun us in the noblest cause of man,—that of benevolence. Those, then," concludes the address, "who make this appeal, do it with confidence, the confidence of those who have before challenged public benevolence, and not in vain. Can it be in vain now? It is for the poor, poor idiot they plead!—for the idiot, the lowest of all the objects of Christian sympathy—for the idiot, most needing charity, and for whom charity has done nothing. We ask that he may be elevated from existence to life,—from animal being to manhood,—from vacancy and unconsciousness to reason and reflection. We ask that his soul may be disimprisoned; that he may look forth from the body with meaning and intelligence on a world full of expression; that he may, as a fellow, discourse with his fellows; that he may cease to be a burden on society, and become a blessing; that he may be qualified to know his Maker, and look beyond our present imperfect modes of being to perfected life in a glorious and everlasting future!"

About 1851, Dr. Conolly, speaking in Cambridge before the Vice-Chancellor of the University, of the efforts made to educate idiots, testified, "It may be truly said, that the "attempt now making in this country is wholly to be ascribed to "Dr. Andrew Reed." At length, in 1852, the Prince Consort consented to attend the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of Earlswood. The Prince was delighted. To him one thing alone was wanting—the objects of the charity, "whom, if it had been suitable," he said, "I should have liked to welcome

here; but I will come again, and they shall see the Queen when you are ready to receive us." The result of the opening of Earlswood was, that there were two institutions instead of one, as Essex Hall, the first home of the unfortunate creatures, became the institution of the Eastern Counties. The noble edifice, at a cost of £30,000, was opened by the Prince Consort, and dedicated to God in a religious service, conducted by the Bishop of Oxford. This work done, he again set to work, and his crowning institution was the Hospital for Incurables. He carefully studied his endeavours, and observed the failures in some directions, and then, with that power of creating confidence by his own faith in his undertakings, he summoned a meeting of friends to 'the London Tavern, which he calls his old workshop,' and again, before he died, he had the satisfaction of looking upon an accomplished work.

These are the achievements which surround the name and the memory of Andrew Reed with imperishable lustre. It is true, he had in all his designs helpers, but it is also clear that his was the creating and constructing brain, his was the calm and sagacious mind, able to abide still till the moment of action came, then muster all the force of his intelligence to give determination and effect to the plan conceived.

The volume before us is the record of the life of a man of action. Even the things we have described as done by that calm, powerful, we suppose we may also add, that cold will, are small in comparison with the works of the whole life. From the narrow building to which he was first called as the minister, he built a new and handsome edifice, Wycliffe Chapel. He visited America, in company with Dr. Matheson, at the instance of the Congregational Union. His visit to America greatly strengthened his character. His biographers very wisely remark upon this the most important and middle period of his life:—

Such a man as Dr. Reed could not pass through these distinguished and responsible services without himself undergoing both development and change. He could not but regard every question presented to his mind in a new light and with a broader power of judgment.

In combination with the physical improvement which had transformed a frame somewhat delicate into one of firm, manly stature, capable, till old age, of unflagging effort, the mind also received a tonic discipline. The shrinking sentiment, often over-sensitive and depressingly pensive, had become hardened into practical fortitude, and had risen to a self-reliant elevation. On the other hand, the natural decision, apt to become stern, and even imperative, was balanced by a wider experience of various and conflicting ideas and results.

With a larger knowledge of character, had come an increased capacity for mingling freely with men of diverse calibre and of varying

pursuits. The power to lead, which had previously been evident to others, was now present to his own consciousness.

Dr. Reed, in fine, was another man from Mr. Reed; not in the possession of a title, of which he thought as little as any who ever bore it, but in maturity of manhood, breadth of intellect, sobriety of emotion, and practical application of religious belief. Approaching the zenith of power and influence, he still waited humbly at the footstool of Heavenly Mercy with the *young man's simplicity and the mature man's sense of need*.

We have no space to follow this interesting memorial through Dr. Reed's sympathetic activities in connexion with Education, Slavery, Catholic Emancipation, and the innumerable topics of his stirring age. In many matters he dared to walk in a very independent course; he desired and worked for Christian union; but he left the Evangelical Alliance, because the assembly declared itself a Christian Alliance, and yet adopted a Protestant platform. We do not here remark upon this, only state it as an illustration of the liberality of his spirit; he venerated the rights of conscience during the period of the agitation which preceded the Emancipation Act, he says:—

“The Duke [Wellington] took occasion to speak to me; and in our conversation, I quoted Napoleon's remarkable admission, ‘My rule ends where that of conscience begins.’ Upon hearing which, the Duke said, ‘Did *he* say that?’”

He certainly, in all things, chose a broad human base for his labours, and the breadth of the base on which we attempt to build, with other circumstances also being equal, will very often be the measure of success. Hence a little sect is always disgusting, and never can be successful because it will be found to be too narrow for a human heart, and a great church is always resting,—there is room in its aisles for a soul to move in freedom. He wrought actively in connexion with all the manifold objects of the Christian minister's interest; he originated in the East of London a penny bank; it was in his own line of practical benevolence, and it proved a boundless blessing, as the following figures will show:—

	1839.	1856.	1862.
Receipts	£15,168	£403,959	£622,478
Invested	8,646	67,953	80,625
Open Accounts . .	791	3,534	3,679

He originated also a penny bank for children's savings, and the plan he originated has been extensively followed over the whole land. Among his earnest by-labours may be noticed his spontaneous sympathy with the Rev. James Shore, who had

been incarcerated by the notorious Bishop of Exeter, for preaching and praying with his congregation in an unconsecrated chapel, the property of the Duke of Somerset, without the authority of the bishop ; on which occasion Dr. Reed instantly travelled to Exeter, armed with help from a public meeting, to sympathise with the suffering clergyman in his "bare walls and iron-grated windows." As the Dr. returned, taking his seat in the London train, at St. Thomas' Station, Exeter, in full sight of Exeter Gaol, he penned the following epigram :—

"Of all the good bishops, oh, did you e'er see
A bishop so brave as Lord Harry of E. ?
How noble in virtue, how puissant is he !
At first a turncoat, and then a turnkey."

Dr. Reed was permitted in his lifetime to receive the acknowledgment of the value of his labours, and from the testimony of this volume, we gather that the generosity of his pocket was not less lavish than the labour of his hands. We have not touched upon his literary career, nor are we disposed to follow the editors in their discussion of the merits of "No Fiction." Had Dr. Reed cultivated the literary element, no doubt in this department of labour he would have shone. He had great sensibility and pathos, and considerable fancy, and in the record of his travels in the United States, there are many illustrations of his happy descriptive power. His Hymn Book is well known, but, while frequently using it, we have often taken exception to its exclusive title and claim, "*The Hymn Book* ;" while many of the hymns, the composition of the compiler, have great sweetness of sentiment and versification. And he was a successful preacher, although we can scarcely string our chords of admiration to the high pitch of eulogy of his biographers. Sermons, it is to be hoped, like David, serve their generation by the will of God, and then fall asleep. But it was in administrative ability he shone most conspicuously. He took broad and comprehensive views ; his governing power was felt. He, no doubt, was not a man disposed to be very amenable to rules and regulations ; he very likely preferred to work alone ; he had much of the despot in his nature. Some men have it as the necessity of their success. It sometimes seems that he became fond of the ostentation and circumstance to which he had been compelled to condescend, in order to secure success. A certain arrogance, a proud impatience of every little restraint, too, sometimes betrayed itself. He was the kind of man to strive on to his intention, without much regard to little feelings ; he could, we know, keep himself out of sight when it was desirable

to the success of his work. He expected others to do so. He had, perhaps, too much faith in patrons and in patronage, yet the sentiment, somewhat feeble, of his early days, by long intercourse with the world, hardened itself into broad indifference to all but the object immediately in hand. But why reckon up defects, or the possibility of defects, in character, the man *is* what the man does, and what a noble monument of labour is here! We have said already, no man is everything, or he would be anything, and so nothing. Wellington was not Wordsworth, and neither of them was James Watt. Andrew Reed was great—great in being able not only to grasp, but to manipulate all the parts of his intention; able to place his finger on the thing, and to say, if ever a man could say, “*This one thing I do.*” And perhaps in some aspects of his life and labours he was a man apparently more admirable than loveable. This also is the fatality of a statesman. The great philanthropist often appears singularly cold, his affections have not the warm, impulsive character of philanthropists more amiable, but more weak; he has many of the characteristics of a great surgeon, he knows his work, and he does it. Not without sympathy, that is, moral feeling, but without any obvious feeling; the age for that has passed; the young student sickens, and weeps, and is disgusted in the school of anatomy, but all that goes; it abides as a power and a principle, if he is a truly noble surgeon, but it has gone as an emotion. And, no doubt, in order to carry forward the intended work, the philanthropist has to condescend sometimes beneath himself. Arrangements for dinners, and festivities, dancing attendance upon titled people, all this when it comes out in a biography, has something pitiable about it. But a philanthropist, it must be remembered, is a divine schemer, he sanctifies tact, and push, and makes divine the business faculty. Dr. Reed had a most adroit brain, its activity was incessant, its manipulation of ways and origination of means unbounded.

Dr. Reed was born, and laboured, and died in London, like many other men, who have found their life-action in its streets. London was dear to him. Writing from Paris, in the Gardens of the Luxembourg, he says, “London is my *workshop*, Paris is my *garden*. Whatever my passion for the country, I could not now do without London. I was born there, I have grown up there; my field of service and influence is there.” It was the place which stirred the spirit of an intensely active man. Such men always seem to themselves to be idlers, while others are amazed at their “labours more abundant.” “It is painful,” he says, “to be told one must do less, when one is doing so little, and wanting to be doing more.”

He was evidently a man of method, and his biographers give, with, perhaps, too much precision, the very spirit of method which was with him even when dying:—

The parting from his study and from the family rooms was most affecting. It was early in the evening. He had allowed the darkness to close in the day. By the ruddy glare of the fire he could see the contents of the room. He put aside his Beza's Bible, after looking at the record of family events inscribed within. He locked up the drawers of his secretaire. He looked around at the boxes, ranged one above the other, containing the papers, and inscribed with the names of the different charities. He opened his church book to look at the names of the oldest members. He inspected closely some of his early college books, the gifts of his father and mother. With silent emotion he wound up and regulated, for the last time, the time-piece, the gift of his people. Last of all, he gazed intently upon the only drawing he had ever allowed upon his study walls,—a striking representation of the institution of the Lord's Supper. By this time his strength was all but exhausted: he turned to go, and he left for ever that hallowed room in which for thirty-four years he had planned and set on foot so many works of mercy, written so many books, studied so many sermons, taught his children so many treasured lessons, and offered—who shall say how often?—the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise.

His departure was very gentle and peaceful, although he lingered long. "He said to his son, 'Kiss me,' and this token "of affection being given, he added, 'Now we'll sleep.' These "were his last words. Shortly after, his breath became oppressed. "In the darkened room his hands could be seen now and again "clasped in prayer, but more often waved in the air, as, with "upward look, he seemed already on his heavenward journey. "Gradually the ebbing tide of life retired; the right hand fell "on his chest; the left found its resting-place; and he stretched "himself out to die. The passage was short, the conflict was "over, the spirit was at rest." Portraits, and busts, and cenotaphs adorn the walls of the buildings he founded, the chapel in which he ministered, and the grave in which he lies, but his best monument is the following tabular statement, and it may seem to justify what many will regard as the too eulogistic tone the affectionate biographers have adopted in the very able and interesting volume we have thus attempted cordially to introduce to our readers.

REV. DR. ANDREW REED'S BENEVOLENT FOUNDATIONS.

The following Tabular Statement exhibits the date, cost, capacity, number of inmates, whole number admitted, and total receipts of the Asylums and Hospitals founded by Dr. Reed, so far as these particulars are ascertainable: together with the aggregate amount of Dr. Reed's contributions in money, and the total number of years of his gratuitous official services.

Tabular Statement of Labour.

Date of Foundation.	Name of Institution.	Freehold Property.	Cost.	Capacity.	Present Inmates.	Total Admissions.	Total Receipts.	Dr. Reed's Money he Contributed.
			£				£ s. d.	YEARS.
1812	London Orphan Asylum ..	{ Estate and Asylum } at Clapton.	25,000	{ 300 and en- larged to 400 }	401	2,757	407,128 0 0	33 £ 480
1827	Infant Orphan Asylum ..	{ Estate and Asylum at } Wanstead.	40,000	600	597	1,918	302,611 12 2	16 260
1844	Asylum for Fatherless Children ..	{ Estate and Asylum at } Reedham.	22,320	300	177	468	62,821 8 1	18 1,800
1847	Asylum for Idiots ..	{ Estate and Asylum at } Earlswood.	39,000	500	350	920	210,000 8 10	15 1,400
1854	Royal Hospital for Incurables ..	{ Estate at } Coultsden.	3,000	{ Not erected; Putney House rented. 150 }	159 and out- door cases.	258	43,871 9 9	8 300
1859	Eastern Counties Idiot Asylum ..	{ Essex Hall, Colchester. }	{ Building Purchase Fund not complete. }	150	76	102	17,133 14 3	12 Subscription of £50 per annum. 200
TOTALS		£129,320	2,110	1,760	6,423	£1,043,566 13 1	102 £4,440

II.

THE NATURALIST ON THE RIVER AMAZON.*

WE recommend that lady who, when sending to the circulating library, said "Anything but travels; they're such 'a bore,'" to get Mr. Bates's book forthwith; if she does not change her opinion, the fault will assuredly be hers. We have in these volumes such varied matter, that scarcely anyone can fail of finding something to his taste. Is he a naturalist? Here he has the record of how 15000 species (8000 of them *new*) were seen, and caught, and labelled, and sent in cases to England. Here, too, the battle of the origin of species is fought over again, and butterflies are pressed into the service, to prove by the gradation in their markings, that one species actually has passed into another. Is he an ethnologist? Mr. Bates gives him many most valuable notes on Indian character and manners, and on the condition of the great half-caste population. Does he like to let his fancy riot in tropical scenery? Here he can walk through forests of trees, averaging almost 200 feet, and rising nearly a hundred feet clear from the ground without a branch; trees, too, which bear in large cases, or else in jars,* with neatly-fitting capsule, the "Brazil nuts," which we eat without thinking what they grow on. Then he may get down to the water-side, and splash about through a forest of *arums*, twelve or fifteen feet high (yet the same race as our little English "lords and ladies"), covering the banks and low islands; or, again, he may wander over a marsh, amid the great fan-palms and bananas, showing every shade of green in their broad leaves, while butterflies of gorgeous hues and great size,† float about in numbers of which we can form no idea, and humming-birds dart in and out among the long blossoms of the tree-creeper. All this and much more, whether in the utter solitude of the midday forest, or amid the "tumult of life," at morning and evening, Mr. Bates saw, and describes in language glowing enough to make many a quiet reader shut his eyes and, throwing himself back in his chair, dream for a few short minutes of vacating his office-stool, and going off to seek his fortunes. Why is there always such a fascination about these

* *Lecythus ollaria* (pot-shaped oil-bottle) one tree is called.

† Several kinds six inches across. The great moth, *Erebus strix*, is sometimes over a foot from tip to tip.

* By Henry Walter Bates, 2 vols. Murray, London. 1863.

countries? We are very steady, practical people now; but we have *in us*, under the crust of hard everyday life, the same spirit of romance, which, when England was younger, urged Raleigh and his followers across the Atlantic; and it only needs a wizard like Mr. Bates, to send scores of quiet well-to-do people along the same road—in *imagination*. Why should people care to hear about Brazil? It is not like Peru, a land of mystery, where one of the world's home-grown civilizations crumbled away under the rough touch of "progress." It has nothing to tell us, except a very common-place story of conquering and unscrupulous Portuguese; of struggles by Jesuit missionaries, to keep their native flocks from being killed off with over-toil; of importations of negroes to fill up the void left when the Indian had been *worked out*; of a royal family leaving, under French pressure, a little barren strip of seaboard in Europe, for a magnificent empire across the ocean; and, lastly, of a barbarous and, to a great extent, fruitless "revolt," some thirty years ago. That is the *history of Brazil*: it has all yet to be made; and this is perhaps the chief cause why all connected with the country has such a charm for us. The grand scale of everything in nature helps, no doubt; but the great point is, that Brazil is really a new land—new, both because spots may be found there,

"Where no man is,
Nor hath been since the making of the world;"

and also, because the equal laws for men of all colours, and the excellent institutions of all kinds, are there on their trial, working out for our learning, the deeply interesting problem of the amalgamation of races. This is the point in which we English fail as colonists; we fill the land, but it is with our own people. We have not yet solved the difficulty (which the "Latin race" are solving in Brazil and elsewhere), of taking the aborigines into ourselves. Ours may be the more successful plan, measured by the amount of barrels of flour, and cheeses, and so forth, which we get out of a given piece of ground; but theirs is the truer plan, and (inasmuch as a man is of more value than many cheeses) the more really successful in the end. It is all very well to talk (as the *Times* did talk some fourteen years ago), about the whole world becoming Anglo-Saxon in speech, and pretty nearly so in blood; but it would in such case be a monstrous world after all, and we should be in the sad predicament of having no "inferior race" with whom to compare ourselves, and over whom to crow in triumph. The negro race, at any rate, shows no signs of disappearing, the slave-trade has opened to it a new world, where it has taken permanent root. Strangely enough, there were no aboriginal black men in America; there are, we

are told, in Borneo, in Madagascar, in Ceylon (where they have not yet reached, or have lost, even the simplest form of tribal life), amongst the Malays everywhere—even in New Zealand; the Greeks, too, have left us the record of them round the eastern end of the Euxine; but in the New World they are not. Man there is of one homogeneous race, whether roaming solitary, or crushed beneath the gigantic exuberance of nature, as in Brazil; or hunting over the western prairies. Language goes for nothing; wanderers would soon forget one another's speech: but Pritchard and Nott alike agree, that the red man, with what Mr. Bates calls "his strange inflexibility of organisation," is the same everywhere. In the cross the white predominates; our author tells us of a French blacksmith who had married a half-caste, and had a daughter a perfect blonde—strange, while her grandmother was a tattooed dark-skin.

Well, whether we care about insects and animals, or tropical forests, or the races of man, we shall find something to suit us in Mr. Bates. It is a book, above all, for sedentary people, for young men in offices, members of Young Men's Christian Associations and Mutual Improvement Societies; it is the sort of reading to stir within them "the Viking's blood," the spirit of adventure, and it is good that this should be stirred at times, lest we crystallize into hard shapes, under the pressure which is constantly being put on most of us. If you can choose your time for reading it, take an evening when the wind is roaring outside, and the rain weeping against your windows; the contrast with the glow of tropical summers, and the "calm well-balanced equilibrium of tropical life" will be all the stronger.

But we must give some account of what Mr. Bates did. In April, 1848, he and Mr. Wallace started on a naturalizing expedition, intending to gather specimens, pack, and send them to dealers in London, and live on the proceeds. They had a notion, too, of solving the question of "the origin of species" while out in Brazil; we shall see by and by what Mr. Bates has to say on this point.

His first point is Parà,* a thriving port on the river of the same name; a river, by the way, in marking which our ordinary maps seem at fault, for it is not a branch of the Amazon, but a separate stream, though connected with the grand river by several channels. People who intend to go up the Amazon always enter by the Parà, for the navigation is much easier, and the coast less unhealthy. Parà was in a transition state when Mr. Bates first saw it; the primæval forest came close up to the streets, the place was a perfect "Naturalist's Paradise,"—seven

* Founded by Caldeira in 1615.

hundred species of butterflies being found in one short woodland walk,—(there are only thirty-six in all England). Eleven years after, when he is leaving, he notes the change, the clearings cutting up his “butterfly runs,” the dearness of provisions and house-rent, and all the other “signs of progress.”

Hence, after an expedition up the Tocantins, a great river which comes up from the south into the Pará, he pushes across to the Amazons. There were no steamers in those days; they grew up during our author's sojourn in Brazil; the difference in travelling is of course immense, the steamer does in eight days what used to take forty, or *even three months in flood-time*, in a cuberta or country boat, like that in which Mr. Bates made his way from point to point. They generally rested all night; by day the land-breeze took them slowly up: then the trader often had to land to sell or buy goods, and the naturalist was glad of the opportunity of exploring; besides, they generally lay to at midday, and then, also, the indefatigable Mr. Bates went on shore to see what he could get. The heat was sometimes excessive, when the banks were high and the channel narrow; but in general there was abundance of wind; indeed, many storms are described which were quite sea-like, and which it tasked all the skill and coolness of the Indian pilots to bear up against. Indeed, in these “broad lake-like expanses, “where the tide—the throb of the great oceanic pulse—is felt “over 500 miles up,” it is no wonder that the surf and swell are as furious as on the ocean itself.

All this voyage Mr. Bates seems healthy enough; the main river, he says, is far from unhealthy, though in places you are in a vapour-bath all the year round; it is the tributaries which are very unhealthy, both for Europeans and for Indians. Diseases, however, out here, seem to return (like extreme seasons with us), in cycles. Pará was for a time such a healthy place, that delicate people from the United States used to come there; then, quite suddenly, yellow fever broke out, and has visited it once again since; and now, after the double decimation, it is healthy again. The *coast* scenery (we use the word advisedly, seeing that in places the width is very great) is, of course, various; at times, long desolate timber-strewn reaches, with a channel so wide, that the other shore is only visible as a low line of forest. Then the high banks of clay (pink or yellow), so destitute of rock or gravel, that “not a pebble is seen for weeks.” The width is perhaps greatest where the Madeira (*itself a river of 2,000 miles!*) joins the main stream. In some places on the Upper Amazon, the vegetation comes so close to the edge, that they work their way up by pulling from tree to tree. This

Upper Amazon, by the way, or Solimoens, has a course of 2,130 miles from Lake Lauricocha, near Lima, to the Rio Negro, where it loses its distinctive name. The whole course of this stream is through a magnificent wilderness, vegetation incredibly luxuriant, animal and insect life abounding, trees always in fruit and flower. Man has scarcely touched its valley, only a few score acres tilled from the Rio Negro to the Andes.

Along the main stream there are chiefly three kinds of vegetation; if the shore is low, with sandbanks and mud, you have abundance of feather-grass, and gigantic reeds, and large fleshy-leaved plants of many kinds; where the banks are moderately high, and cut into by inlets, you have forest containing a large percentage of glorious palms, and all the richness of light-green "tropical vegetation;" where the soft vegetable mould has been quite swept away, you get high sloping red-clay banks, with fewer palms, and less variety among the trees (most of them leguminaceous); but here it is that the monster trees are chiefly found. On the tributaries the trees seem to run smaller, as if they kept proportion with the size of the adjacent stream; the forest-masses, too, have a different look; "the rounded outline, small foliage, and sombre green of the woods make a pleasant contrast to the tumultuous piles of rank, glaring, light-green vegetation, and torn, timber-strewn banks, to which we had been so long accustomed in the main river."

The second growth on the clearing where once a coffee or cocoa estate has been, is of very different character from the primitive forest, the trees far less gigantic, and of distinct kinds. These abandoned plantations are unhappily very common. Of course, on the voyage he meets with other strange things besides insects. Antbears (very good eating) and sloths, on shore; and, on the water, frigate-birds, fresh-water dolphins, fish unlimited, (dried fish is the chief diet all up the river; to this, and to the unwholesome mandioca bread, Mr. Bates attributes his impaired health), and the *manatee* (*Vacca marina*), most human of all the seals, which eats like coarse pork. He also finds palm-trees with fruit so full of fatty matter that the vultures eat it greedily. Toucans and trogons (those glorious burnished-green creatures, with long sweeping tails) are the most characteristic birds. The toucan's bill Mr. Bates does not hesitate to describe as an *instance of imperfect adaptation*—it must, indeed, be an inconvenience to the bird, unless (as is hinted) the toucan is a *ruminant*. The other inhabitants of the forest are, we are glad to hear, all excellently adapted to their mode of life; the apes, instead of being *anthropoid*, have prehensile tails, with naked palms near the tip, giv-

ing an extra hand; the representatives of our barndoor fowls have their toes all on the same plane, instead of one being, spur-wise, higher up the leg; the very beetles are suited for "an arboreal existence." By the way, the higher-class apes of the Old World have, like man, only thirty-two teeth, those in the New World (among which are owl-faced apes, and that peculiar kind with a bright scarlet complexion) have thirty-four. The animal which seems most to rouse Mr. Bates's enthusiasm is the "Hyacinthine macaw;" though, in our estimation, the *bird-spider* (*Mygale avicularia*), five inches across, which a terrible print represents "devouring finches," is a far more noteworthy creature. Then there is the organ-bird, "just like some musical boy singing in the thicket, then so like a flageolet that we feel sure some one is playing on it, then an abrupt pause, and a number of clicking sounds, like a barrel-organ out of wind and tune." This is the only bird whose note makes any impression on the Indians—generally unimpressible.

Of course there are a few *insect pests*, though (except on the very highest part of the river) the mosquitoes are by no means troublesome. The *fire-ant* is about as bad as any—a savage creature, "whose bite is like the prick of a red-hot needle," to guard against which you have to steep hammock ropes (everybody in Brazil sleeps hammock fashion), chair-legs, and everything with Copaiba balsam. Fortunately the various insect pests are very local; and those which bite by day disappear instantly at nightfall.

Once or twice Mr. Bates meets a boa: one is described as moving "like a stream of brown fluid flowing quickly along."

Then there are caymans, or alligators, occasionally fatal to bathers. We have a good story of a father who, when a large beast had caught his son by the thigh and carried him off, swam out, overtook it, and, plunging his thumbs into its eyes, compelled it to loose its hold; the boy was saved, though he had an ugly scar all his life long.

Of course, we hear occasionally of the puma, which affords, by the way, a curious instance of false nomenclature: the natives call him *Sassiá-arána* (false-deer) from his dun-colour resembling a deer at first sight. This the old zoologist, Marcgrave, writes *çugua çuarana*; whence, dropping the *cedille*, and hardening the soft *g*, the French have made their 'cougouar.'

We have already noted the way in which the animals of the country are adapted to their peculiar life; we further read:—"Earwigs, mole-crickets, and beetles living in sand, are of a whitish colour. Yet of two sister species of beetle, both living on the white beach, one is white and *very swift*, the other copper-

"coloured and slow; but then it does not need the disguise of colour, being defended by the putrid smell which it emits when touched. . . . This fact confirms the idea that adaptation of colour is with a view to concealment."

There are no hares or rabbits in Brazil: the place of our Rodents is supplied by the Paça and Cutia, both belonging to a family (*the Subun gulati*) which connects the Rodents with the Pachydermus, and points to a time when a group existed connecting the two great orders. A fossil Pachyderm, the Toxodon, *nearly allied to these Rodents*, has been found in America: but neither fossil nor recent is the family found in any other part of the world.

The voyage is slow; as Mr. Bates learns before he leaves Pará, "*paciência*" is in constant requisition in Brazil; it is of no use expecting English energy; the traders often act on the principle, "pleasure first and business after," and waste half-a-day in chatting with an acquaintance, both lying in hammocks sipping *cushúcu*, the spirit made from the mandioca.

At last, however, rich in specimens, our naturalist lands at Santarem, a city of 2,500 souls, "the biggest place on the main river from Peru to the Atlantic." The climate here is extremely dry, and seems to suit the English very well; several residents, of many years' standing, looking as ruddy as Suffolk farmers; but the natives are afflicted with leprosy; the place is called *Cidade dos Lazaros*. This fearful disease, caused, Mr. Bates thinks, by atrophy and consequent local decay, is not due to lack of food. Santarem is the only place on the whole line where meat is abundant and cheap—twopence a-pound.

His next station is Obydos, where he sees a good deal of Indian and half-caste life. Thence to the Barra of the Rio Negro, a wretched place, eaten up with officials, and miserably supplied with provisions—their beef is fetched 500 miles; the butter comes from England; a lean fowl costs seven shillings; an egg twopence-halfpenny. Thence to Ega, where (Mr. Wallace having some time left him, and gone up the Rio Negro) our author fixes himself for some time. His account of his life here is so characteristic, that we shall give it in his own words:—

"I generally rose with the sun, when the grassy streets were wet with dew, and walked down to the river to bathe; five or six hours of every morning were spent in collecting in the forest, whose borders lay only five minutes' walk from my house: the hot hours of the afternoon, between three and six o'clock, and the rainy days, were occupied in preparing and ticketing the specimens, making notes, dissecting, and drawing. I frequently had short rambles by water, in a small

"montaria, with an Indian lad to paddle. The neighbourhood yielded me, up to the last day of my residence, an uninterrupted succession of new and curious forms in the different classes of the animal kingdom."

There he was amidst a population whose manners "offered a curious mixture of *naïve* rusticity and formal politeness." They are never impertinently curious. "The Indians and half-castes seemed to think it natural that strangers should collect and send abroad their beautiful butterflies and birds. The butterflies they universally concluded to be wanted as patterns for bright-coloured calico-prints." Even educated people, who could understand what a museum is, could not comprehend a man studying science for its own sake: when he told them he was collecting for the 'Museo de Londres,' and was paid for it, they understood, and respected him accordingly.

A pleasant place Ega must have been: no danger from wild beasts, very little from serpents, none from men, even incivility, to an unoffending stranger, was rare among the natives. We can scarcely wonder that "three Frenchmen and two Italians, coming down one after another from the Andes to the sea, settled here for life, three of them marrying native women." They were a great acquisition to Mr. Bates's limited society, for "the want of the varied excitement of European life" seems to have troubled him most, "growing more intense instead of getting deadened. The contemplation of Nature alone is not sufficient to fill the human mind and heart." Fairly healthy withal was Ega. We read:—"The pools in the flood-land round keep strangely pure, no foul smell, no traces of con-fervæ, or oil, revealing animal decomposition: nor in the dry season is there any malaria. How elaborate must be the natural processes of self-purification in these teeming waters." Mr. Bates sees great changes at Ega: it rises, during his stay, from being in 1850, a village dependent on Parà, 1400 miles off, to be in 1852 a city, capital of its own province. A year after this steamers began to run on the Solimoens. In 1855, they ran every two months between the Rio Negro and Nauta in Peru. As Mr. Bates remarks, "What a future is in store for the sleepy little tropical village, with its semi-Indian population of 1,200 souls, lying there amidst perpetual verdure, with soil of endless fertility, even for Brazil, great healthiness (if you can get proper food), freedom from insect pests, endless rivers and channels teeming with fish and turtle, while its own river, communicating direct with the Atlantic, widens into a lake where at any season a fleet of steamers might anchor."

The prices of produce are rising: in 1850, says our author,

a big turtle could be bought for ninepence; when he left in 1859, one of the same size would cost eight or nine shillings. River-turtle, of great size, over three feet across, are the staple food at Ega. They are described as delightful food, but cloying. Indeed, the one drawback to the place seems the difficulty of obtaining suitable food. Hunger! the mere notion seems ridiculous amid such tropical luxuriance. Yet, in spite of turtle in every shape, of fish unlimited, of occasional manitee (sea-calf—like very coarse pork, with green fat), and of glutenless mandioca meal for bread, the hunger for beef was such that whenever a beast out of the large herds, which pastured in the very streets, was killed by accident (generally poisoned by drinking juice of mandioca root), the competition for its flesh was immense. Owing to some cause, which Mr. Bates does not explain, an ox is never killed in the regular way. He repeats in the case of these Ega cattle, the remark which he had made of others in the Lower Amazon, that though fat and sleek, in excellent pastures, the cows never gave milk except when a calf was born, and then only for a few weeks. Bread is only to be had occasionally, at ninepence a-pound, made of American flour from Parà. Mr. Bates thinks that his “gradual deterioration of health” was due to his not tasting wheaten bread for two years. A tapir occasionally gave him for some days a most delicious and nourishing fare, and in June and July vast flocks of toucans come into the neighbourhood, furnishing abundant food for many weeks.

Such was our author's life at the little city, founded in 1688 by Father Samuel Fritz, a Bohemian Jesuit, who induced several Indian tribes to settle there. About half are pure blood Indians still. At the assizes, Mr. Bates saw the novel (and to an ‘American,’ whether north or south, inexpressibly disgusting) sight of negro, white, half-caste, and Indian, sitting gravely side by side on the jury-bench.*

It is the same all the country through. “In Parà, every householder has a vote. Jurymen are selected without regard to race or colour: white merchant, negro husbandman, Mameluco, Mulatto, and Indian, all are called on to serve. The constitution of Government in Brazil seems to combine happily the principles of local self-government and centralization, and only requires a proper degree of virtue and intelligence in the people to lead the nation to great prosperity.”

* Some of our readers may remember how Mrs. Seacole (of Crimean fame) tells, with pardonable triumph (she was a half-caste), of a *negro judge* in Guatemala, who pronounced sentence on some lawless, bullying “American.”

The plan works well in one respect. "A gentle courtesy rules amongst all classes and colours. You may see a splendidly-dressed colonel, from the President's palace, walk up to a mulatto and politely ask for a light from his cigar."

Nor is education, such as it is, at all confined to one colour: at Baiao a young Mameluco, an Escrivao, or public clerk, showed me his library—strange, to find a well-thumbed Terence, Virgil, Livy, &c., in a mud-plastered, palm-thatched hut by the Tocantins.

Our author devotes nearly a chapter to Indian life and characteristics, as noted during his stay at Ega. The strangest thing about these Indians, is the extreme diversity of language,—tribes manifestly of the same stock have scarcely a word in common. Indeed Mr. Bates thinks that all the many tribes are of the same race, in spite of the friendly open manners of some, and the suspicious hostility of others. We often speak of the savage as if he deserved some severe reproof for being what he is—a degenerate creature—but how could it be otherwise with these Brazilians, entering the country in small detached bodies, isolated from one another by enormous forests, crushed by the vastness and overpowering luxuriance of nature around them, how could they fail of becoming what they are? The rapid degeneracy of the mutineers of the 'Bounty' may help us to form an idea of what scattered little English communities would have become under like circumstances.

This isolation Mr. Bates believes to be the reason for the strange inflexibility of the Indian organisation, both bodily and mental; and which, while it is the cause of many of the redskin's virtues, on which (in the case of the Northern Indians) novelists and poets have delighted to descant, is also a lamentable hinderance to the social development of the race. They are dying out, these Indians of Brazil: their families are always very small; their inability to resist climate is as great as that of the whites. The little slaves, captured in tribe-wars, brought in (contrary to Brazilian law) for sale at Ega, die in large numbers of fever and swollen liver. Another mysterious plague is the "defluxo," a slow fever accompanied by the symptoms of a common cold, ending in consumption; this always appears when a village is visited by people from the civilized settlements; "the first question the poor patient Indians now put to an advancing canoe is 'Do you bring defluxo?'" But though, like their congeners, the Indian tribes in the Northern Continent seem doomed to pass away, the race of half-breeds (mamelucos) is much more numerous and important than even in Lower Canada. It seems the mission of the "Latin race" to amalgamate with

these aborigines whom the Teuton steadily rejects. M. Michelet, in his last work, *The History of the Regency*, contrasts very forcibly the English colonization, ending always in the total *extinction* of the natives, with that of such Frenchmen as Cavelier and De Casteins,* who aimed at mixing the races.

These Brazil Indians are by no means mere savages; they brought various plants with them when they emigrated into the country. The three kinds of mandioca, the American banana; and, above all, the "Peach palm," which, growing to the height of fifty or sixty feet, bears a dry mealy fruit with a flavour "like a mixture of chestnuts and cheese," which is said to contain more nutriment than fish or seacalf: indeed, allowance being made for the country, they are not such bad agriculturists for aborigines, their weakness being the want of domestic animals.

Wonderful marksmen these Indians still are. It is well for us that the New Zealanders are not like them in this respect. Their guns are very so-so, mere "traders' guns," things like those our Birmingham people used to sell to the Kaffirs: so they are mostly reserved for the numerous feasts, religious and others, at which a considerable amount of powder is fired away. The serious work is done to a great extent with the *blowpipe*—far more effectual than the musket: a man takes his stand below, say, a colony of eatable monkeys, covers his quadruman—puffs the light reed-arrow, dipped in poison-tree juice, up into the tall tree, and down drops monkey number one, to be speedily followed by monkey number two, and so on, in succession, until enough to fill his game-bag lie at Joaquim's feet: the monkey population, who would start off and swing away for miles at the report of a gun, feeding meanwhile, and chattering away quite unconcerned, and really thinking of their dropping relatives what some Greek in Homer pretends to think of the Trojans:—

‘What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes.’

The blowpipe is very hard to manage—just try to steady a stick even of light elder-wood, some eight or more feet long, so as to have a chance of bringing the end of it, even for a second, in a right line with a rabbit sixty paces off, and you will have more respect for the Indians than you have hitherto had.

Christians, according to Mr. Bates, these people scarcely are. Some exceptions he gives; some priests, for instance, seemingly well-trained, and with their heart really in their work—men who (despite their red skins) win reverence from every one:

* A Béarnais baron, who married into, and became Chief of the Abenakis.

but, in general, the Indians do not seem to have got much from their Jesuit teachers but the externals, and with these a great deal of old native "mumbo jumbo," as well as much "missionary adaptation," is mingled. The processions are still headed by an extraordinary fetish, made up of ribbons, and flowers, and bits of looking-glass; this is an heirloom from the days when the padre *persuaded* the people to go to church by walking thither himself with a mirror in his hand. The simple native saw his own face, was at once taken captive by the sight, followed, learnt the way, and, we would fain hope, went on going, not because of the wonderful glass, but because he found it

'Like a little heaven below.'

The native talent for mimicking and masquerading is immense: they put anybody into their processions. Mr. Bates is taken off in one of them to the life, spectacles, butterfly-net, and all. In the frontispiece to Vol. II. you see a whole set of these monstrosities, giants of every kind, vast masks of cloth stretched on bamboo-frames and moved (as our own old mummers managed it) by men inside. Hence we are prepared to find the church festivals "well got up." On Good Friday, for instance, two processions, one headed by the image of the Saviour bearing the cross, the other by that of Our Lady, start from opposite ends of the town, and meet in the middle of the chief church, when a strange scene of weeping commences. All the events of the day are represented, the sighs of the Maries being uttered by certain lusty professionals who are stowed away for that purpose in the vestry. We must not ask for religion among the red-men while the whites are such as they are: indeed, when Mr. Bates says, "though as to notions about a Supreme Being their minds are "a blank, they are still free from degrading superstition," we feel that this is much more than can be said of the Portuguese. The ceremonies occasion great devoutness among negroes and Brazilian ladies, and some Portuguese; Indians look on at the solemn portions rather stolidly as if they were all nonsense, and they take their part in the show as if it were but a mere stage-play, in which the priest is chief actor.

In steadiness and saving habits, the Peruvians (Cucámas) are much in advance of the rest. Mr. Bates goes up the Solimoens, or Upper Amazon with a boat's crew of these Indians. He testifies to their industry—they were tailoring all the time that the navigation did not need their attention—and to their wonderful good behaviour, and yet their strange apathy. It thunders fearfully—they are caught in one of those wild river-storms, of which Mr. Bates experiences several, when the vast body of

water dashes with a sea-swell against its banks, bringing down in some places vast masses of earth with all the trees growing on them—their boat is saved, for the Indians are wonderful pilots; but the only notice they take of the thunder-claps that burst amid the deluge of rain, is for the wag of the party to chuckle out, “my old uncle’s hunting again!” A hard life theirs: the youngest of the party goes ashore, stays longer than was agreed, they start without him, and he has to pursue in the montaria; he is all day at it—killing work it must have been—but when he gets up with them and comes on deck, he only grins and is grinned at all round, as if such treatment were a matter of course. Indians get very few *ideas* from mixing in civilized scenes: beyond what concerns their little trading speculations their minds are a blank—showing none of the nobleness of the ideal savage. The most “improved” of them are very common-place, uninteresting companions. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Bates is, at times, hard on them for their “stolidity:” * he clearly expected “the glorious savage in his native wilds.” A good deal of the seeming stupidity may be due to the want of sufficient power to communicate freely. Your town-bred man is sure to find even a countryman of his own nation a stupid fellow, because he does not understand him at first, and has not patience to wait. Of course, the different tribes differ a great deal: there are the debased Múras, eaters of dried fish, who have forgotten the use of the mandioca. Their degeneracy is probably of more recent date than the Portuguese occupation of the country: the unscrupulousness of Europeans anxious to get slaves, or to collect native produce, has not failed to egg on the ferocity of tribe against tribe.

As you near Peru you would expect to find higher degrees of native civilization, and yet it is on the Tocantins, the furthest limit of his journeyings, he meets another tribe of Indians who, like the Múras, resist all approach to civilization. These, the Carisháuas, have none of the symbolic masked dances of the other tribes; at their few festivals they show their degeneracy by not drinking to intoxication, and by getting the whole affair over in a day, instead of keeping it up for several days and nights. They live mostly on smaller creatures. “If they kill a toucan it is an important event; the bird is made to serve as a meal for over a score of people. The women are not allowed to taste the meat, but have to content themselves with sopping pieces of mandioca cake dipped in the broth.”

* For instance, it seems to us very unfair to attribute the kindly mutual helpfulness and strict honesty of the Peruvian boatmen to “absence of eager selfishness in small matters.”

In this wretched country up the Tocantins, 400 miles of which is totally uninhabited, society seems reduced to its primitive elements. There are two nations of Indians, divided into hordes, not living in villages but scattered in families over the country, and connected by no tie but a common name, and the tradition of general enmity towards the hordes of the other nation.

As we have said, until lately, very little but evil has resulted to these poor natives from the influx of whites: even the Jesuits, powerful as we suppose them to be, were no match for Portuguese greed, and had, after a long struggle, to give up their efforts for the good of the Indians, and finally to leave the country. Mr. Bates passes the remains of some of their *very ugly* "mission villages" built in formal streets, instead of in the pleasant native style, scattered among trees.

As to lay agency, the following instances will show to what extent European traders deserve their title of "pioneers of civilization." Fonte Boa was an important place; many Indians, of industrious tribes, having settled there, their industry being directed by a few whites, humane men as well as enterprising traders. The neighbourhood was well cleared, mosquitoes were disappearing, the Indians were orderly and happy. Then came some low-class Brazilian and Portuguese traders, who, in their eagerness for business, taught the easy-going Indians all kinds of trickery and immorality, enticed men and women away from their old employers, and so broke up the large establishments, and drove away the capitalists. The place was ruined. Yet such is the gentleness of the half-caste nature, that here, 150 miles from any priest or schoolmaster, deeds of crime and violence are very rare, and the only man who owned a large boat trading down to Pará exercised, as sub-delegado of police, a patriarchal authority. He was a man, too, of some mental inquisitiveness withal;—witness his giving our author a boat-load of turtles, in gratitude for a few prints from the *Illustrated News*.

The most pleasant fact in regard to races is the position of the negroes and mulattoes throughout the country. Mr. Bates says, "Self-respect and independence I found to be by no means rare qualities among the free negroes. I scolded my man for being late with breakfast. He resented the scolding, not in an insolent way, but in a quiet respectable manner, telling me how the thing had occurred; that I must not expect to find English regularity in Brazil, but should need plenty of 'pazienzia.' This spirit of self-respect is attributable partly to the lenient treatment which slaves have generally received from their masters in this part, and partly to the almost total absence of

“prejudice against coloured people among the inhabitants. “This is a very happy state of things, tending to draw together “all races and classes of the population.” At St. Paulo, where the few whites (including the wicked priest) set a vile example, the only companionable people were the sub-delegado, an upright, open-hearted negro, and the negro tailor, a young man who had been well brought up by his godfather. It is touching to read of his coming to spend his evenings in calm converse with Mr. Bates, giving a peculiar knock at the shutters, which were closed to keep out drunken neighbours. The name of Englishman is enough to secure the respect and affection of negroes all through Brazil. These negroes struck our author as having far more religious feeling than the Indians. They have built a fine church at Parà by working overtime; the materials were all bought out of their savings, and carried on their heads to the spot. They and the old Brazilians vie with the Portuguese immigrants in religious zeal. “Young Brazil” is sadly sceptical, and the Indians seem apathetic.

A very pleasing account is given elsewhere of the way in which the negroes at Caripi kept Christmas: they had no priest, an old white-headed negro led off the Litany; gravity and earnestness marked the whole proceedings.

Many of them, too, are (unlike Mrs. Trollope’s West Indian nigger) very hard-working and thrifty; one old negro lady and her blacksmith son had saved enough to buy a great deal of house property in Parà.

There is a good deal of trading activity along the Amazon and its tributaries. We had no idea, till we read Mr. Bates, that india-rubber is such an important article of commerce; it makes more than a third of the total exports from Parà, and has reached the value of £130,000. Then copaiba, and sarsaparilla, and other drugs, are collected from the Indians, while cacao (why should cocoa be always so spelt in books?) is pretty extensively grown, and sugar—though many of the mills, ruined in the revolt of 1835, have not been rebuilt. Tobacco also, and oil, and salt fish, which is the universal staple, help out the list of items. The oil is made, by a *most wasteful process, from turtles’ eggs*. Mr. Bates thinks the vultures used to destroy more than men do now: but old Indians told him the river used to be full of turtles. These—and rude Indian pottery, and the wonderful *feather sceptres*, which they make and pack in bamboo cases, selling them, as they also do skins of rare birds or beasts, since the rage for “collecting” began—form the chief exports. Flour is imported from the States; butter from England.

And now a word or two on Mr. Bates’s illustrations of the

origin of species. He thinks he has ascertained that one species of butterfly, of genus *Heliconius*, passes through various intermediate forms into another. That is all; though it is introduced grandly enough as the "*manufacture of new species*."

But Mrs. Pardiggle is inquiring what this word 'species' means. Distinct species, madam, are those which, when crossed, produce a *hybrid*, a creature incapable of reproducing its species; whilst from the crossing of 'varieties' the results are *mongrels* which will breed on together apparently *ad libitum*. The different breeds of sheep are mongrels; a mule is a hybrid. Of course, here the distinction is clear enough to any one; but we cannot help thinking that the difference between hybrid and mongrel butterflies is not sufficiently ascertained to enable us to build a theory upon it. After all, the question is surely not worth a quarter of the noise that is made about it. There are some people who think we must give up the Old and New Testament, and all the Gospel promises, if it is shown that species are not invariable, that two of them will breed together and produce a fertile progeny. We do not think the establishment of fifty, or five hundred such cases, would in any way sap the foundations of our faith. Why, from one point of view Mr. Darwin's theory is even more orthodox than the other; it bids us believe, not in a soulless world, going on by immutable law, in which all things continue as at the beginning; it tells us that the Spirit, which at first created all things, still moves and works, even to the bringing forth of new forms after His good pleasure. Of course, if Mr. Darwin, or any one else tells us that it is the creature itself which, by dint of some aspiration persisted in through ages of time, *shapes itself after a new model*, why, we part company with him at once; but we are not startled to hear the *facts* of which he asserts the existence, because they tell us of a Living God Who (as of old) letteth His breath go forth, and reneweth the face of the earth.

Well; we must bid Mr. Bates farewell. He is one of the very few writers who go beyond the expectation we have formed of them. He is not first in the field. Mr. Wallace's book has been for some time before the public, and as early as 1819, von Martius and Spix were in the country (those Germans do everything), though they did not publish till 1831. But no one will say his work is wanting in freshness. His details of the free life in the greenwood are doubly delightful to us "in cities pent." We go with him into a land which (as we said) has its history to make; we feel somewhat as the old Greeks must have felt, when, through the wonder-glass of Herodotus they got glimpses of wide continents of which they barely knew the

names. But Mr. Bates is a Theophrastus, full of minute research, as well as of breadth of scope. By the way, had they 'collections' in those days? or did the early naturalists content themselves with clumsy word-painting of the thing they would describe?

The country of which Mr. Bates writes has, to all appearance, a wonderful future before it. The laws are excellent; all that is needed is honesty and energy in carrying them out. We do hope the Brazilians may have a fair chance; they are solving on the widest scale the interesting question of mixed races. They want a trifle more Caucasian blood; we should not be at all sorry to see them get more from these islands—to see the tide of Irish emigration which (steadily shunning Canada) sets always towards the States, drop yet further to the southward. At any rate, we trust that Brazil may be able to move on *peacefully* in the career of improvement; that it may be spared the trials which poor unhappy Mexico has had to undergo, first from its restless neighbours of the great Republic, and now from the occupation of French troops, for a cause considered insufficient by Spain and England for a *casus belli*.

III.

THE BROAD CHURCH THEORY OF THE ATONEMENT.

WE have no intention to attempt the hopeless task of giving, within the compass of this article, an exhaustive view of the Christian sacrifice. Our purpose is more concentrative and definite. We aim only at striking out its central idea; and are well assured that, if this could be agreed upon, different sects might, without injury to our common faith, attach to it immaterial appendages; and, without affording to any one class ground for imputing the "denying of the Atonement" to any other class, it might be permitted to some to ornament with flowers and evergreens that Cross which others prefer retaining in its stern simplicity. Thus far, therefore, we have no difference with the reverend author of the tract before us. Let us see how much farther we can go with him. Our design probably will be best

* *The Atonement as a Fact and as a Theory.* By the Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, etc., etc. With comments by another Clergyman. pp. 37.

accomplished by availing ourselves of his labours, as far as is possible, and eliminating all notions, put forward by himself and his not very harmonious commentator, which would destroy the consistency of the hypothesis he has, in other more apt and more happy passages, sought, not altogether unsuccessfully, to rear.

"The word atonement," says Mr. Garden, "means *reconciliation, bringing together, making to be at one.*" After favouring us with this explanation of one of the most significant of words, he adds: "in ordinary acceptation among us, however, it stands as 'a general term for the whole notion of Christ's death on the Cross, as effecting our deliverance.'" This is no doubt true; for nothing is more common than, by a figure of speech, to substitute the object of the enterprise for the enterprise itself, when we desire to give to its multifarious elements succinct expression. And why is it that, when "we mean the whole work whereby 'our Lord wrought out our deliverance on the Cross,'" we select, in order to give brief utterance to our meaning, the word Atonement? Is it not because that is the point towards which all our lines of thought converge—the object which the mighty work we meditate upon aims to secure? What then is the true nature of that object? It is bringing God and man together, making them *to be as one.* But to the accomplishment of such a union, two things were necessary. First, God's reconciliation to man; and this implies satisfaction. Secondly, man's relief from an oppressive fear of God; and this implies Redemption—deliverance from the love of sin and from its conscious guilt.

According to Coleridge, Christ's work on our behalf is never named from anything in itself, but from its known effects upon us. The analogies to sacrifice, redemption, satisfaction of a debt, are all to be sought in those effects; never in their cause. That cause is an act which belongs to the sphere of transcendents, a mystery into which we may not look, and which we must not dare to attempt explaining. But it has effects which are very analogous to the effect of the appointed sacrifice, in the reinstatement of the Israelite in his national position and privileges; to the effect of adequate ransom, as promising the freedom of a captive; to the effect of complete payment by another, as my discharge from a debt which I could not liquidate myself.

Without committing ourselves to these views, we will first fix our attention upon that effect of Christ's work which contemplates the Divine satisfaction or God's reconciliation to man: and with regard thereto we gather out of our author's pages the following passages, which, if defective in fulness and breath of expression, embody, nevertheless, the germs of a right theory, and such as, notwithstanding Mr. G.'s protestations, develop

logically into thorough evangelicalism. But this process of development we reserve for subsequent consideration. At present we confine ourselves to quoting Mr. G.'s own words:—

Sin involved, according to Anselm, a debt to God, with the payment of which God's essential attribute of justice did not permit Him to dispense. It was paid for us by Christ's human obedience—that obedience which was even unto death. . . . It was not the death separate from the previous human life, but the whole susception of humanity by the Son of God, and presentation of that humanity in spotless holiness to the Father—a holiness which received its crowning manifestation in the death on the cross—which Anselm regarded as the payment of the debt which humanity owed. . . . Christ's sacrifice of Himself was indeed a satisfaction to Divine justice, and that in a far higher sense than is furnished by any mere notions of paying a debt, or enduring a penalty. The righteousness of God has an entire satisfaction in the work of Christ Jesus. The Supreme reason, the perfect mind of the Father, sees there that on which He can pour forth a full tide of complacency and approval. There were barriers which the Divine justice no doubt placed between God and sinful man; for perfect justice can never be on terms with sin; can never call things other than what they are; can adopt no legal fiction in order to treat the sinner as if he were not a sinner. These barriers are broken down by Christ's sacrifice. Man is thereby brought to God. God's justice sees man presented to Him, such as He designed man to be, and is satisfied.

But the word Atonement, interpreted in the sense of mutual reconciliation between God and man, involves something more than satisfaction to God's justice. Man must be redeemed from that moral condition under the influence of which he looks up to heaven with terror. Hence, redemption is another idea involved in the complex word, Atonement—redemption from what?

About the oldest church theory, and one which has had the longest ascendancy, is that which represents the claim on us to have been the devil's; and Christ's suffering, bloodshedding, and death, to have been purchase-money and ransom paid to him, whereby we have been redeemed from his hold on us. This theory, at least as old as Origen, lasted till the time of Anselm, if indeed, it did not partially survive him. It will, I imagine, be set aside as altogether untenable by every school in the modern church.

Mr. Garden's commentator, however, views this matter somewhat differently. His words are:—

I cannot abandon so readily as the writer seems to do, that doctrine respecting the redemption from the evil spirit, which, he says, was overthrown by Anselm. . . . Though I would never speak of Christ's blood as redemption-money paid to the devil, I do maintain that a deliverance of men by their true Father from an evil power who had

claimed them as his subjects, underlies all the lessons in the Bible concerning redemption.

The clergyman who writes this comment refers to Bishop Hooper as an advocate of the theory of redemption from Satan, but on turning to that prelate's 'Treatise on Christ and His Office,' we find passages like the following, in close connexion with those to which the commentator alludes:—"Faith layeth
"nothing to gage unto the justice of God but the death of
"Christ, and thereupon claimeth mercy and God's promise, the
"remission of sin, and desireth God to justify and deliver the
"soul from the accusation of the law and right of the devil,
"which he is bound to do for his promise'-sake. And although
"with this remission of sin he giveth likewise the Holy Ghost
"to work the will of God, to love both God and his neighbour,
"yet *the conscience, burdened and charged with sin, first seeketh remission thereof.* For this thing the conscience laboureth and
"contendeth in all fears and terrors of sorrow and contrition.
"It disputeth not what virtues it bringeth, wretched soul, to
"reclaim this promise of mercy; but, forsaking her own justice
"[or righteousness], offereth Christ dead upon the cross and
"sitting at God's right hand." These words of Hooper, together with the following from the Hebrews (ii. 14), offer the true exposition of the supposed pre-Anselm theory:—"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and
"blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that
"through death he might destroy him that had the power of
"death, that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear
"of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." The fear of death here referred to cannot be the natural instinctive fear which impels us to seek to prolong life: it is the guilty fear of an awakened conscience. Hence, according even to the pre-Anselm theory, as well as according to the present evangelical theory, deliverance from conscious guilt on the part of man, besides satisfaction on God's part, is necessary to complete the idea of mutual reconciliation or atonement.

And Mr. Garden's theory leads to the same result. Witness the following passage:—"The sin of the world is taken away, and
"all who will avail themselves of it can occupy a position in
"which man is righteous, and may serve God in holiness and
"righteousness, *without fear.*" We understand these words to mean that every earnest-minded man may now say:—"God's justice
"having been satisfied, I need no longer despair of mercy as
"being incompatible with the relations between a Perfect Ruler
"and my imperfect obedience. In Christ, I stand before God
"as righteous, and offer to my loving Father the tribute of a

"heart that desires to love Him." In a similar tone is the language of Mr. G.'s commentator :—

They have found in the doctrine that "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses to them," the fullest assurance of that transcendent fact of which Coleridge speaks, that fact which cannot be set forth in any terms of logic, but which *commends itself to the consciences of human beings* as the very ground of a spiritual economy, of an active fellowship for human beings. We cannot afford to lose any of these aspects (given in the tract) of this great truth. The third is a witness against the notion that anything short of an actual endurance of human sorrow, an actual endurance of human evil by the Son of God, *can content creatures who are conscious of guilt, or can relieve them from the burden of it.*

Having thus placed ourselves in harmony with Mr. Garden and his clerical friend, in regard to the object of the work of Christ, *i. e.* to make atonement, and having shown that, in order thereto, two things were necessary,—first, to satisfy the justice of God; and secondly, so to present such satisfaction to the conscience as thereby to dispel guilty fear; we will next proceed to the consideration of the method by which this magnificent design has been accomplished. Our author thinks he finds "the one governing view of Christ's work, to which all others "are but subsidiary and accidental," in the idea of sacrifice.

But what is sacrifice? St. Augustine tells us that every work is a true sacrifice which, looking at God as the end of all good, is done in order that we may cleave to Him in holy fellowship. St. Thomas Aquinas: that a sacrifice is something done to the honour due to God, and with a view to propitiating Him. And Christ's work he pronounces to be a true sacrifice because, eminently proceeding from love, it is eminently acceptable to God. In truth, when we look at the whole genus, of which burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, thank-offerings are the several species, we are forced to regard the generic idea as that of offering and making over a gift to the unseen object of prayer and worship. The nature of the gift would of course vary in each species with the thoughts wherewith each species was severally connected. The details of the transaction in a sin-offering would naturally bear a reference to sin, its shame, its woe, and its death. The idea of a transfer of the sin of the offerer from himself to the victim might occur naturally enough, and that in a rite of which the general application to Christ's death is so obvious, that we cannot help making it, without perhaps being therefore warranted in applying that particular idea. Still, I say, the general idea of sacrifice is that of a gift, of surrendering up to another's possession that which was *outwardly* at least in our own.

We request attention to the word "*outwardly*," which we have italicised in the above quotation, because it recognises an

element of sacrifice deemed to be of vital importance, namely, its objectivity. The reason why it is necessarily objective is suggested in the next quotation. It consists in this,—that man has not within himself what would enable him to render from himself—out of his own will, love, and obedience—the “entire and flawless” offering, which the All Perfect One requires:—

But gift to God! What is, what can be, a gift to Him! That which we can buy with our gold, that which we can seize with our hands, that which we can bring to an altar, that which we can solemnly offer there, is surely no gift to Him. Even to a heathen deity I suppose it was felt that such could be no gifts; that they could only pass for such by a strong effort of the symbolizing imagination. And much more must the same have been felt, when the object of worship was the unseen Jehovah. At last comes One in whom the matter of the oblation and the form are united; whose gift is the inward, essential sacrifice; who said, *Lo! I come to do Thy Will*. And, He does it perfectly. The gift of His own Will and of His own Being, to the Will of His Father is entire and flawless. There is no point at which the offerer pauses. The self-surrender stays not till the very life has been offered. The obedience is carried on until it becomes an obedience unto death. Short of that point, the sacrifice would not have been complete; there would have been something kept back. But all is complete; nothing is kept back; all faith in and all love to the eternal Father, all sympathy with the brethren, receive their full expression in the sacrifice which began with the utterance, *Lo! I come!* and was consummated when Jesus bowed His head and gave up the ghost. In gazing on that, we are gazing on the Only Gift ever offered to God which, for its own sake, God could regard with complacency; in which, for its own sake, God could take delight.

It is matter for surprise, that the school of theologians from which these tracts emanate should suppose themselves to be removing difficulties and giving more precise and accurate expression to the central idea of Christ's sacrifice, when they speak of it as the surrender by Him of His own will, entire and flawless, to the will of His Father; instead of adopting the ordinary phraseology, quite as accurate and more full and comprehensive, whereby His sacrifice of Himself is represented as consisting primarily in His perfect, active and passive obedience, and His yielding Himself to be given up by His Father to suffering and death. Both modes of expression involve the idea of vicarious punishment, as we shall show hereafter. But whether they do or do not, nothing is gained by substituting the volition for the act.

Everybody understands that a life of perfect obedience implies a will fully surrendered; and the air of precision assumed in speaking of the will, rather than of the life, serves no pur-

pose but to foster pretensions to more correct modes of thought, utterly untenable and unworthy of the eminent men by whom they are put forth.

But we take leave to deny that sacrifice, as just explained, is really the central idea in this great doctrine. The central idea is that which unveils the connexion between the means and the end, between sacrifice and atonement, between the work of Christ and the mutual reconciliation between God and man, which that work was destined to achieve. It is in the solution of this problem that the chief difficulty lies; and so great is this difficulty that high authorities dispute the possibility of its solution. Coleridge, we have seen, considers it to "belong to the sphere of transcendents, to be a mystery into which we may not look, and which we must not dare to attempt explaining." Butler, also, expressed similar views. Mr. Garden, however, and his friend are much bolder:—

Our Lord's redemptive act is indeed mysterious; but I cannot help thinking that more of itself is revealed to us than is allowed by Coleridge; I cannot help thinking that we are enabled and enjoined to look at and into itself, instead of merely contenting ourselves with its effects..... The writer of this Tract says, I think very truly, that Coleridge loses sight of the idea of sacrifice, and that by doing so he makes the atonement less of a *revealed* mystery than the Apostles and the Church teach us that it is.

We add, in corroboration of these sentiments, that if man's conscious reconciliation with God be, as we have contended, an element in the atonement effected by the Christian sacrifice, our belief of our reconciliation must have an intelligible basis; and that basis is the very solution of which we are in quest. Practically, earnest consciences arrive at it, in the present day, in the same manner in which the Tract describes it as having been attained under the ministry of "the Evangelical teachers in England during the last century."

It is not correct to fasten upon them any special theory of the atonement. They spoke to the hearts of their hearers. They spoke to their conscience of sin. They set forth the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin. They dwelt upon all these expressions which point to the bearing of sin, to the endurance of the chastisement for sin. They could not doubt—they had the strongest internal assurance—that these passages expressed the divinest, the most life-giving truth.

And speaking as they did, and as all earnest Gospel ministers still speak, in language dictated by the "strongest internal assurance," the truth was flashed home to the hearer's conscience, and became to him a ground of joyous confidence; not

as the result of an intellectual analysis but as its prelude. Any inquiry like that which we are now prosecuting, can only be engaged in successfully, after we have "received the reconciliation:" the problem then presented to our minds being somewhat in this form:—"That which gave satisfaction to God's justice redeemed also my conscience from guilty fear: what was it that did so? and what is it that, despite a deepening sense of imperfection, keeps me still in peace, confiding in God as a loving Father? It is Christ's ever-offered sacrifice. But how does that sacrifice operate to produce in me the peace I feel?" Mr. Garden's answer to this inquiry is as follows:—

We may see how the union of Christ, with his brethren, renders this gift propitiatory in its effects upon them. For it is human nature which He has offered up in spotless sacrifice to the Father; the whole race is represented in Him. He is the Head and the Root of all mankind. Therefore, mankind now stands accepted before God, and every sharer in the kind may at once plead and occupy the righteous position, which has been won for it by the accepted sacrifice of its Great Representative.

We presume that when our author speaks of the Lord Jesus Christ as "the Head and the Root of all mankind, and its great Representative," he means that such is the relation in which the Son of God stands to the world, uniquely and by special Divine appointment. But it would very much aid this aspect of Christ's relation to humanity, if it could be shown that the entire race, according to the established order of things, constitute a moral unit; and that, besides the individual responsibility of each, there is a general and aggregate or corporate responsibility of the whole. For then it would follow, without violence, that Christ as the Head and Representative of the race, might personally undertake its corporate responsibilities, and that, on the other hand, the race might participate in the result of His personal achievements. We do not know whether Mr. Garden intends to convey some such idea as this; we think he does. "It is," says he, "human nature which He has offered up in spotless sacrifice to the Father; the whole race is represented in Him." How represented? By special appointment, or natural relationship, or both? Was His position analogous to that of a monarch of a great empire, who first, in consequence of a social unity that belongs to a nation, and next, by virtue of his office as Head of the unit, is authorized to represent the nation in all matters relating to the commonweal? Did Christ when on earth, and does He still, first, by reason and in consequence of the moral unity of humanity and next by virtue of his office as the King and Priest of humanity, represent

it in all matters relating to human salvation? If this conception do nothing more than approximate towards the grand central idea we are in search of, it may be of great service in cancelling the differences that arise between the reason and the conscience, and in arming earnest Christians with weapons to repel querulous and sceptical attacks. And another result will follow; one which Mr. Garden appears not to have apprehended. The representative of a nation is expected to echo the national sentiment; he must feel the burden of its distresses, and sacrifice his time and talents to promote its prosperity. So, the representative of humanity must enter into the woes of humanity with loving solicitude; He must "bear their griefs and carry their sorrows, be wounded for their transgressions, and bruised for their iniquities." Is this not vicarious? It is not a fictitious but a real and natural transfer; and are not all the physical sufferings and mental troubles which men are called to endure in this world, and which are thus transferred to their Representative, the consequence and punishment of sin? If there had been no sin, there would have been no sorrow. True! individuals do not rejoice or grieve, they are not prosperous or in adversity, in proportion to their personal merits or demerits. But that is because the relations between sin and its present punishment are not adjusted as between the Divine arbiter and each individual, but as between Him and the race-unit. The better the world is morally, the less will it have in it, as a whole, of physical pain: the worse it is morally, the greater is its aggregate sorrows. Then, as the rain, although strictly apportioned in its total supply to the earth's requirements, is, nevertheless, distributed unequally; so it is with good and evil. Hence, we do not quite understand, nor, as far as we do understand, can we appreciate, such sentiments as these—"though suffering may be connected with sin, love can embrace it as a privilege." Wherever suffering falls, it falls in the character of sin's punishment; corrective in relation to the world, but still punitive, and designed to stir us each up to do our part in ejecting out of humanity that moral evil which is the cause of its suffering. Christ, as our brother man, suffered. The physical sorrows that fell upon Him were not different in this respect from others' sorrows; they were the punishment of sin, and in this light He viewed them and felt them. The world's ordinary sorrow lighted upon Him in common with the rest of humanity. But, besides these ordinary sorrows, there were others which fell upon Him as their special victim. His perfect conscience was affected with the sins of the race in a degree in which no other human conscience had ever been or

could be. How any one, entertaining, like Mr. Garden, opinions tending to these conclusions, can hesitate in pronouncing our Lord's sufferings and death to have been sin's vicarious punishment, appears to us quite marvellous. The premisses which he himself lays down lead necessarily to the conclusions against which he protests.

Reverting to Mr. G.'s pages for the special purpose of detecting, if possible, the origin of this anomaly, we find it, as we imagine, in the confusion attending his adjustment of the relations between sin and its punishment. This confusion appears in several particulars. First, he confounds that which is of the nature and essence of sin with the punishment of sin. It cannot, with any accuracy, be said that the moral insensibility and spiritual death which follows upon persistent evil-doing is its punishment: rather it is indicative of advanced criminality. The deeper a man plunges into sin, the more insensible does he become to its wickedness; and therefore if a guilty conscience were sin's *only* punishment, its punishment would decrease with its progress. Our consciences condemn us, not in the degree in which our guilt increases, but in the opposite degree. As our guilt becomes more and more aggravated, our consciences condemn us less: as our moral culture progresses, and our instinctive or conscious standard of goodness and duty rises higher, our consciences condemn us more.

Again, Mr. G. does not distinguish between punishment visited upon an individual, and punishment visited upon a community. Hence the following language:—

Though it be undeniable that Aquinas recognizes a penal element in our Lord's sufferings, he connects it with the thought of identification with us, rather than with that of substitution for us; and between these thoughts there is a mighty difference.

Identification with us in suffering! What is that but vicarious suffering, in the sense in which the word vicarious is used by all sober writers on the subject? Christ is not our substitute in suffering in such sense as that *all* the sorrows consequent upon sin have been completely transferred—He alone enduring them and we relieved. But, suppose a rebel battalion to have been ordered to be decimated, and that some one on whom the lot falls is personally guiltless: although this is strictly a case of identification in suffering, is it not also, in some sense, a case of substitution? So, Christ, the innocent, becomes one of earth's sons, and the earth, for its aggregate sins, is visited with general woes, which in their distribution alight heaviest upon Him, the innocent One—is He not the vicarious victim of other's sins?

And, thirdly, Mr. G. omits to notice another distinction very necessary to be made in this discussion. Its nature will best appear after we have quoted the words which prove that he has overlooked it.

The *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*, cried out from the cross, is surely at no variance with what I say. We dare not, while we reverently listen to it, shape dogma out of that cry. Independently of the fact that the Psalm to which it refers us, is no utterance of despair, but of perfect filial affiance in God expressed out of the depths, the very use of the first possessive pronoun, *my* God, gives the clue to its interpretation.

But what is "the clue to its interpretation," what "the dogma," which, despite Mr. G.'s protest, we cannot avoid "shaping out of that cry?" It is, that intense mental and bodily anguish, caused by the sins of others and by our conscientious sympathy with the heavy guilt of those we love, may nevertheless co-exist with personal "filial affiance." Our consciences may be heavily laden with the sins of others, and our souls be overwhelmed with sorrow on their account, and yet our personal trust may be unsullied, our own hope bright as the light. What difficulty, then, is there in such cases in conceiving of a perfectly holy Being bearing the burden of others' guilt? To call such a burden "misery" is a misnomer. Sin's punishment is *misery* only when inflicted upon the hopelessly impenitent, the spiritually dead. Wherever there is a spark of spiritual life, corrective punishment is pregnant with hope; and wherever borne for others in the spirit of self-sacrifice, the present sorrow is, in the event of success, far-outweighed by the future joy.

Nor is this confusion of thought in Mr. Garden's own mind more remarkable than is the discrepancy between him and his co-operative commentator—a discrepancy not in unimportant points of detail, but on matters of vital signification. The author extends the merits of Christ's sacrifice to "every sharer in the kind." His commentator limits their benefit to "every baptized child." Now, this is a difference which indicates totally different theories. The first is a human theory, based on facts: the latter is a church theory, based on ceremonies. The one is natural, the other artificial. And yet the writer who bases his creed on these "artificial arrangements," exclaims against his evangelical co-religionists on the alleged ground that their "arrangements" are "artificial"—an imputation which, although possibly well-grounded as against individuals, is totally groundless as against the great evangelical class at whom the javelin is hurled, since every thoughtful member of that body is well aware of the vast importance of planting the Cross

on what every human conscience must recognize as the rock of Righteousness.

There is but one other point to which we would direct a few remarks ere we conclude. We are unable to satisfy ourselves as to what Mr. Garden's views are with reference to the mode in which we are to appropriate to ourselves the benefits of Christ's work. His commentator is less reserved. According to him, we become partakers of Christ's passion by receiving the Eucharist. If the Eucharist, on its reception, be regarded as a symbol of truth, and not mere material elements, and if it convey to the understanding and conscience spiritual life, we should see in this statement no cause for difference; and the pointing to it is valuable, as indicating unmistakably the objectivity of that in which the conscience is required to repose its trust. On this question of objectivity more than any other, that section of the Church, known as the Broad Church, appear to us to be in danger of erring. Where do they find their foundation for a quiet conscience? Do they find it in themselves? In what form? There are numerous passages in Mr. Garden's tract which demonstrate the impossibility of the human conscience deriving repose from introversion, and yet he is wholly silent where one would have wished him to have been specific. *A Gospel without an objective sacrifice is no Gospel, and he whose theory of atonement is not something outside of himself may well be said to "deny" it. It is because within ourselves we can find only sin, while without—in Christ—there is solid ground on which the conscience can confidently repose, and because, as experience proves, our distrust of self and trust in Christ both increase in pari passu with advancing moral culture, that Christianity alone, of all religious systems in the world, inspires at once PURITY AND PEACE.*

IV.

MR. CAXTON'S ESSAYS.*

WE must regard these volumes as very delightful reading—containing in equal proportion a knowledge of the world, of men, and the world of books. We are not certain whether we would not rather have them within reach than any of the

* *Caxtoniana: a Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners.*
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. In Two Volumes. William Blackwood and Sons.

previous works of their laborious author—they are the elaborated suggestions of the period during which the writer was preparing his well-known fictions 'The Caxtons,' and 'My Novel,' and what an extent of reading and thought they reveal—they are the result of a very thoughtful and laborious life. In a very much overrated little volume of cold phlegmatic criticisms those works were spoken of as 'dandy literature and superfine sensibilities, degenerate art, and emasculate morality. Books giving themselves the airs of being grand concrete philosophies, but in reality well-dressed impostors.'* It is as easy to heap unmeaning adjectives together for the purpose of depreciation as for exaggerated eulogy. But assuredly the essays before us reveal a mind unwearied in its activity alike of conception and accumulation. We have a disposition to separate the works of Mr. Caxton from those of Sir Bulwer Lytton. We would not be unjust to the latter person. We appreciate very highly much that we have received from him, and our readers know the estimate we formed of the 'Strange Story' upon its appearance, but the writings of Mr. Caxton have all a robustness and health about them certainly not to be found in the earlier writings of the literary baronet, and we find the same characteristics in these volumes. That there are no traces of the elder and more vicious style, we will not dare to say—but health and naturalness alike of thought, sentiment, and expression pervade the volumes; eloquence, without wave of the rhetorician's hand, and wit without the spite of the sarcastic sneerer; there is plenty of amusement, too, in the books. The author cannot write in an uninteresting manner, that is the impossibility of his style, but the mental furniture far exceeds the mere amusement—they have the weight and worth. It thus helps—with all the ease and humanity of A. K. H. B. But then the method and the topic of the Essay is the author's own—he breaks his way into grounds which other writers do not enter, and brings to this popular essay a charm derived from the usually dry and forbidden fruit of metaphysics. These papers realize very much that which we desire the essay to be, a quiet conversation—a sermon by the fireside, we do not desire to end, in which we are conscious of a certain delightful egotism in the speaker—but an egotism controlled by knowledge, taste, and sympathy, and good sense, and made charming by the happy play of genius. With the memory upon us of the many successful fictions this writer has given to the world, it may seem strange to say that he is more fitted for an essayist than a

* George Brinley's Essays.

novelist. Nor do we expect to find any sympathy from our readers in saying it; yet it is very certain that Sir Bulwer Lytton has in all his novels assumed so much the character of the essayist, that it has quite needed the vigour and dramatic strength of his genius to save them from being consigned to the respectable and dignified oblivion of 'Tremaine,' and the other novels of Robert Plumer Ward. There is an overflowing poetry of expression and imagery and volition in the mind of the writer, and with these the charm of a subtle mysteriousness: from these, however, the mind of the writer turns in all his works to the province of the essay—frequently the conversations are elaborate in some of his earlier works—in the 'Disowned,' for instance, mischievous essay, the writer would himself admit that he sometimes thought his way through a subject without thinking round it; healthful thought is not less contingent than it is direct, but it is more so. He represents the completeness and the culture of our times, and from this point of view all his works are essays, and have much of the character of a monologue. This has often been pointed out as their defect and fault. Perhaps this will hereafter constitute one of their most material charms, for it is true, that it is not by their perfectly proportioned symmetry that these books will be tried; for symmetry is not always, nor is it usually, greatness. Vast things have usually some sublime shapelessness about them. We very entirely dissent from the verdict of John Forster who in his admirable Life of Goldsmith, says, "Of the many clever, and indeed "wonderful writings that from age to age are poured forth into "the world, what is it that puts upon the few the stamp of immortality, and makes them seem indestructible as nature? "What is it but their wise rejection of everything superfluous?" This is a safe course of criticism to apply to such men as Goldsmith and Gray; and among the ancients, to Sophocles or Horace, but we certainly must not apply this test of criticism to such *inferior* performances, as the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton, or the writings of Shakespere. Indeed, all works of art are not to be estimated, any more than characters of life are estimated, by their unity of completeness. Sublimity of conception, grandeur of design, go for something in our estimate of Napoleon Buonaparte, or Westminster Abbey; and thus in unity of conception and completeness of execution, it seems very certain that the writings of Sir Walter Scott rank higher than those of Sir Bulwer Lytton—but in that suggestive incompleteness, that gothic freakfulness of fancy, which seems to us something higher than unity—we place the living higher than the dead novelist. Hence we find these essays so perfect as

essays. There are novelists, who are in the unfortunate predicament of a good friend of ours as a preacher, too clever by half. "I don't want him to tell me a heap of new things," said one of his hearers to us, "I want him to stand in the old paths." Hence many persons quarrel with our writer because he is the novelist of thought, and this thought, this delight in his own volitions, and mental evolvment of the objects of his own observation, sometimes with no slight mixture of severity. Here is the portrait of the world's *Superior Man*.

He is what the world calls "an Enlightened Man;" but, practical as well as enlightened, while he keeps up with his own time he never goes beyond it. What to him is all time after he shall have gone to his grave? "I dead, the world is dead," saith the Italian proverb. Nor are his opinions known till as a Superior Man he is sure to be in his right place with the superior party. If this Christian people were to turn Mohammedan, so long as they were in a state of transition, the Superior Man would slip out of sight. You would hear nothing of him while saints were fighting and martyrs burning. But when the crisis was over, and St. Paul's Cathedral was converted into the Grand Mosque, you would see him walking down the street, on his way to the temple, arm-in-arm with the Prime Minister.

No essays abound more in an admirable way of putting things. The essay entitled 'Hints on Mental Culture' contains much from which every student may profit. By the following, in the true Caxton spirit, he illustrates how the value of knowledge is not alone in its possession, but in "the power of reproduction, the degree in which the mind appropriates tests, experiments on all the waifs of idea which are borne into it from the minds of others.

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure-grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colours of his neighbour's flowers. "Ay, my Lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little greenhouse, which served as a vinery, my Lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my Lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple-looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and grapes," said my Lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly." "Please your Lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I ben't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my Lord, three years ago, master sent me to Lunnou on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews;—what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal?—go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many cases of sickness, and specially in the first stage of the cholera, and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I daresay they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my Lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vinedresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly poor vineyard one of the best in all those parts, simply by charcoal-dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed.'"

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants, I'd best make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners;' so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal-dressing being good for vines, and he said he had read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some forren one. And, after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my Lord. It was a lucky chance that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your Lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His Lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my Lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My Lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire ——'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professed horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my Lord, has treated of the

good effect of charcoal-dressing to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound dissertation, of which his Lordship did not understand a word.

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal-dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my Lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My Lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbour of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my Lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His Lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of the ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish, pains with the training and education of the man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my Lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my Lord are both the richer for the connexion between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says "ben't" and "his'n;" nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

And, again, the following, on the purpose of life and of all mental education and training.

We are not sent here to do merely some one thing, which we can scarcely suppose that we shall be required to do again, when, crossing the Styx, we find ourselves in eternity. Whether I am a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a romance writer, an essayist, a politician, a lawyer, a merchant, a hatter, a tailor, a mechanic at a factory or the loom,—it is certainly much for me in this life to do the one thing I profess to do as well as I can. But when I have done that and that thing alone, nothing more, where is my profit in the life to come? I do not believe that I shall be asked to paint pictures, carve statues, write odes, trade at Exchange, make hats or coats, or manufacture pins or cotton prints, when I am in the Emyrean. Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthy—or the poor peasant who, behind his plough, whistles for want of thought,—I strongly suspect it will be all one when I pass to the Competitive Examination—yonder! On the other side of the grave a Raffaele's occupation may be gone as well as a ploughman's. This world is a school for the education not of a faculty, but of a man. Just as in the body, if I resolve to be a rower, and only a rower, the chances are that I shall have, in-

deed, strong arms, but weak legs, and be stricken with blindness from the glare of the water; so in the mind, if I care but for one exercise, and do not consult the health of the mind altogether, I may, like George Morland, be a wonderful painter of pigs and pig-sties, but in all else, as a human being, be below contempt—an ignoramus and a drunkard!

We men are not fragments—we are wholes; we are not types of single qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations.

It is interesting to notice how in the mind of this writer everything is reproduced. Nothing comes forth simply as it entered; it is filtered, and partakes of the author's thought, and has its individuality. It would be very possible to fill many pages with the wise bright things of these volumes; they will perhaps be called desultory, and they may seem the production of a desultory mind; yet there must have gone much not merely of what is genius, or education, for "a man of genius," says the writer, "is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always nourishing his genius. Both in mind and body, when nourishment ceases, vitality fails. To sail round the world you must put in at many harbours, if not for rest, at least for supplies." Our writer illustrates this remark in his own avidity after knowledge. Every paper has a discussable property in it. After reading every paper, we can lay down the book, not to quarrel, for each page is quieting, but to suggest some question to the author. We usually suppose a preacher—a public speaker—will be successful in the degree in which he is merely self-possessed, but how true are the following remarks on the anguish which oppresses the mind of a public speaker while burdened with the sense of some great truth that he is charged to utter.

The truth is, that nervousness is sympathetic. It imparts a strange magnetic affinity with the audience; it redoubles the orator's attention to the effect he is producing on his audience; it quickens his self-possession, it stimulates his genius, it impresses on those around him a fellow-feeling, for it evinces earnestness, and earnestness is the soul of oratory—the link between the lips of one and the hearts of many. Round an orb that is self-luminous the atmosphere always quivers. When a man does not feel nervous before rising, he may certainly make an excellent sensible speech, but let him not count on realising the higher success which belongs to great orators alone.

These are amongst the more delightful and thoroughly informing of the many papers in our language in that department of letters to which they belong.

V.

PROPHECY AT HOME AND ABROAD.*

YEARS ago, being on Charnwood Forest, we spent a wet afternoon in the house of a Church Clergyman, who in that wild out-lying part could find little to do except to bemoan "the prevalence of dissent." His two amusements were, as we soon found, the very slow one of growing apple-trees from the fruit-pips—he was severe on the vulgar error of grafting, and on the waste of scores of potential trees in every apple-tart that came to table—and the very engrossing one of studying prophecy.

Poor man! he consoled himself for the unfaithfulness of the present generation, by meditating on the glories in store for the faithful few in the—as he believed—not very far distant Future. It was unfortunate, both for his parish and himself, that his reflections on the happiness which should be then, did not tend to increase his geniality now. Not content with cutting all dissidents off from the privileges of the Hereafter, he seemed to feel bound to make them as uncomfortable as he could here. His drawing-room table supported indeed the usual assortment of weak poetry and weaker prose, which, gilt-edged and in faded embossed cloth, lay there (as they always do on such tables) placed cornerwise, as if Betty had been trying to form a quaint pattern on the table-cover. But, among them, yet not of them, was a most remarkable volume. We singled it out the moment we entered, and never left it till we were saying good-bye. We cannot, for the life of us, recall the title; but what faced the titlepage is indelibly stamped on our memory. It was a representation of "the Beast" himself—a huge kind of alligator-serpent, with several pairs of legs and the proportionate number of heads, each quasi human, and each bearing a crown. Numerals bespeckled all his body; and references below explained the symbolism of every joint and convolution.

We have never seen the like since; indeed we had latterly begun to hope that (except among the believers in Dr. Cumming) such phantasies had begun to die away, that the scandal

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- * 1. *The Coming Battle, and the appalling National Convulsions fore-shown in Prophecy, to occur during 1861-7, according to the opinions of Revs. Bickersteth, Cumming, Birks, Croly, &c., &c., &c.* By the Rev. M. Baxter, Missionary of the Church of England at Onondaga, Canada West. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Co., 1863.
2. *Commentar zur Offenbarung Johannes*, von Dr. G. Volkmar, Professor der Theologie an der Universität, und Kantonal-diakon zu Zürich. Zürich, 1862.

which followed the exposure of that amusingly impudent hoax, the *Coming Struggle* had thrown a little discredit on anonymous prophetic lucubrations. But, no. Just say that you have something to reveal about the Future ; and, whether you come as gipsy tramp, as poor Hedingham "Dummy," as spirit-rapper, or as author of a pamphlet on the Revelations, you will ensure for yourself an open-mouthed audience who will swallow all you tell them ; and, besides winning fame, you will be certain to "put money in your purse" by the proceeding. Here are thirty-two pages of wild nonsense, of which, in March, 1861, there had been three editions of 5000 ; and, judging by the numbers sold in most large English towns, *Mr. Tunis, of Clifton, Canada West*, and *Mr. Harbert, of Philadelphia*, besides the English publishers and the reverend author, must have realized "a pretty penny." Such is the strange gullibility of mankind : quiet sober people, who appear to have no enthusiasm about anything, who care nothing for Poland, and very little for the American war, brighten up marvellously when any one proposes to tell them something about the Future—either of themselves or of the world ; it is as if he had galvanized all their finer feelings into life : wondering faith and extravagant hope appear where we had suspected nothing but the merest matter-of-fact shrewdness.

No class is free from such delusions. It is very well for us to mourn over the benighted peasantry of Bridgwater and Hedingham ; but the disclosures in connexion with the "Crystal Sphere" proved that the higher classes are just as bad in their way ; while, as to prophecy, they naturally are more "open to conviction" than the uneducated poor. It needs just a very little learning to be able to take much interest in such matters. The last person with whom we have discussed Mr. Baxter's pamphlet is a Cambridge M.A., who "believes every word of it," and has worked out for himself the mysterious "number" which has been made to mean so many different things.

"As the world goes on, the cost of production continually diminishes ; and hence, while the "*Coming Struggle*" of eleven years ago gave us only twelve pages for sixpence, "*The Coming Battle*," with transatlantic profusion, offers thirty-two pages, with a diagram "*showing the convergent Endings in the year 1867-8 of the principal Prophetic Periods*," and all for the small sum of fourpence (in its native land the cost is reduced—3 dols. per 100, 50 cents per 12, *by prepayment*).

One is curious to learn whether *the Rev. Mr. Barter, Missionary of the Church of England*, is one of the two Cambridge men who,

being deeply in debt, are said to have put their heads together and written the "*Coming Struggle of the Nations of the Earth*," with a view, alas ! to merely worldly gain. The modern theory about Mahomet and others may haply be exemplified in him ; from a conscious impostor he may have become a believer in his own "views !" What a success that *Struggle* had. We were living in those days in the Town of Bitter-beer, and can even now remember how we 'exploded' when the farce of the *toe-kingdoms* and the *frogs* was read aloud by a devout believer. Everyone there believed it ; but every one went on brewing and building new malt-houses all the same, with that strange desire 'to make the best of both worlds,' which led Dr. Cumming (unless he is belied) to take an advantageous lease of his house for a longer period than he then assigned to the present order of things. We manage these things much better than they used to do in the olden times. When, in 1000, the end of all things was expected, men, in great part of France at any rate, sowed no corn, made no provision for the future, so that the end did come in a way they by no means expected to many miserable thousands. We are wiser now : but still this looking after signs and seasons, shows an unhealthy tone of mind ; books like Mr. Baxter's pander to what surely are morbid cravings.

The whole thing is utterly subversive of *practice*.

It really does sometimes make us very angry, when the houseless poor are thronging our workhouse doors, even within hail of that precious Haymarket, when honest old people who have worked hard all their lives are dying in garrets, and Bethnal Green is still undrained, and the City Arabs still unchristianized, and the Gospel abroad is propagated by Kagosima bombardments and New Zealand extermination—very angry, to hear educated men talk, and fashionable congregations listen by the hour, to rhapsodical vaticinations, instead of trying to "work while it is called to-day," to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty"—*against the sin*, and suffering, and want, which seem to grow with our yearly growth in material prosperity. The strangest thing of all is, that, in our experience at least, four out of five of these prophecy-mongers are (like our Charnwood friend) *Church people*. It only proves that they surely have no right to charge Dissenters with following new and strange doctrines, when, not (as in the matters discussed by Bishop Colenso and Co.) a few crotchety clergymen are in the case, but whole congregations, lay people, male and female, who would be horrified to think that they were open to the least suspicion of unorthodoxy. It is too bad that, when there is so much to do in the world, and so little time for any one to do it

in, such poor stuff as this pamphlet before us is actually read and approved of by men who profess to be reasonable, practical Christians.

Mr. Baxter's positions are—

I. That the first stage in Christ's coming, to *translate the first ingathering of believers*, is to be about 1863-4.

II. The second stage, to translate the rest of the believers, and then to slay the wicked at Armageddon, is to be in 1867-8.

III. During all, or the latter part of, the next seven years (from 1861) an unparalleled storm of Divine wrath will sweep over the whole world, hurrying thousands to an untimely grave, who therefore should now be warned of the need of preparation.

This gives an idea of the breadth of his canvass; a few extracts will show the sombre horror or lurid and fantastic glare of his colours:—

“The present condition of the world is admittedly unnatural and anomalous. . . . Inconceivably sublime is the position occupied by that individual who, taking the unfoldings of the Divine mind (in prophecy) as a lamp to his feet, is thus enabled to gaze upon the thrilling spectacle which the world will then present, with calmness and assurance, seeing the end from the beginning. It is like one of the ancient prophets gazing from some far-off hill, on the fulfilment of one of his own prophecies. While with rapt attention he contemplates the distant scene—perhaps a city staggering into the bosom of an earthquake (!), or the progress of a battle between Israel and her enemies—it baffles the imagination to conceive his calmly glowing feelings, as, privileged beyond all mortals, he can tell the *next dwelling-place that shall go crashing down, or the next enemy that shall lick the dust.*” If that does not “beat cock-fighting,” may we never hold a pen again until it comes to our turn to stagger, house and all, into the receptacle which Mr. Baxter has provided for reeling cities.

But what follows is worse:—“To reflect that only a select few are thus highly privileged, that those whom the events so nearly concern are ignorant of them; to witness the terror and astonishment of others, and to feel that he, and partakers of a like faith, are beyond the *reach of their sweeping embrace.*” Yes, here is the key to the popularity of all this nonsense—spiritual pride; the possession of something, whether it be belief or revelation, which men in general have not; and this is why we think it right to notice what had else been best left to refute itself, because the error is not merely an intellectual, it is a grave moral error.

After such a preface, we are quite prepared for marvellous

additions to the old-stock predictions about the restoration of the Jews, the ruin of Popery, the swallowing up of the city of Rome, &c. . . . "The judgment of the saints is to take place in the air, perhaps it will go on for several years; meanwhile, Israel will probably be restored. The wicked, at first startled, seeing that all goes on as usual below, will give a loose to wilder wickedness, being judicially hardened, will march on Jerusalem with the view of exterminating the Jews. Then, at the critical moment, Christ and his saints shall descend on the Mount of Olives, and the war of Armageddon begins, that war which in its awful progress shall make the world a wilderness."

As to this translation of the saints, there is a long passage given from the Rev. Mr. Purdon, of the Church of England, who publishes monthly, at genial Torquay, his 'Last Vials.'

He says that "air" by no means implies our respirable atmosphere, "It is not to be supposed that the Lord will approach so near the earth in the first stage of His descent. He may be as far off as the farthest star, though nearer than the heaven of heavens." The saints' bodies are to be "extracted" from the graves without any mark being left on the ground. "'Here lieth the body,' may still stand, when that body is far away among the stars."*

Those who do not believe all this, and who are yet, in essentials, good Christians, will have to pass through the *Great Tribulation* before they are admitted to share the glories of the Personal Reign.

"What will be the world's condition when Christ has stolen away the church? Dismay at first, hardened impiety afterwards. Then war will begin in heaven—the true MILTONIC war, which the poet has so presumptuously anticipated. Clouds and darkness, &c., will hint to us here below what is going on above; but by and by the defeated fiends rush down on the world. The earth becomes peopled with demons, *not only formidable by their strength and numbers but by their implacable rage.*"†

Leaving the world in this comfortable state, we are hurried on, through quotations from "Hooper, Faber, Whittemore, and other English clergymen," to the grand statement that Louis Napoleon is the slain *seventh head restored to life again*. He is to make, somewhere about 1867, a seven years' covenant with

* The blasphemous materialism with which the marriage supper of the Lamb, &c., are described, we cannot trust ourselves to quote.

† Surely Mr. Baxter and his friends must believe, that in the Cossacks at Warsaw we have the first instalment of the fiendly host.

the Jews. Does this typify the financial difficulties of the empire and their recent solution? Then he is to dominate as Antichrist, tyrannizing over the Jews, setting up his image in their temple, letting none of them trade who will not have either 666, or L. N. marked on the forehead or hand. Then, being maddened by their insubordination, he will assemble all his vassal hosts to destroy them. Here England will interpose and "confront the lawless marauder," but her chivalrous troops will only be spectators of the event. All his vassal nations will suddenly break out against each other, and amid earthquake and fiery hail, will take to slaying each his fellow, while he, "gazing on the scene with feelings akin to those experienced by his uncle when the old guard wavered and broke, is seized by the Divine executioners, and together with the false prophet, his intimate associate, is cast alive into the lake of fire. Thus these two have the peculiar distinction of entering the lake a thousand years earlier than any other sinners, even than Satan himself."

At the beginning of the Millennium the earth is almost empty. "A few of the wicked who are left *will be spared and converted, to form the nucleus of the new population.*"

During his reign as Antichrist, Napoleon III. is to receive the worship of all the *spiritualists* (prepared for this by the instructions of their mediums), and also of the *Papists* (!).

"*Ludovicus* makes up exactly 666, as Bengel noticed more than a century ago," and the Pope will embrace Louis's new system, causing an image of him to be set up, and to have divine honours paid to it!

Now, for this farrago of crude absurdities we are referred to the Earl of Carlisle, the Duke of Manchester, and Viscount Mandeville (who are given with all their honours, *more Americano*), as well as to a crowd of divines, from Sir Isaac Newton and his namesake clergyman, down to Dr. Cumming and his peers. To us the absurdity of the whole is only equalled by its shocking blasphemy. We cannot understand any one being found to give it a moment's thought. Yet it is largely read; you go home on a Clapham omnibus with a roof full of young stock-brokers, and an inside packed with staid merchants; you cannot tell how many of those sober men inside, so sharp in business matters, have, at this moment, a copy of the tract in their pockets, and are prepared to defend it. Even the gay young men outside, careless, perhaps, and worldly, and untouched by any practical religion, have a corner in their hearts for some sort of wild belief in some of those "positions." It is a very melancholy reflection. You cannot do much by argument, still less by raillery, with men

who are thoroughly prophecy-bitten. Your arguments they quietly ignore, your raillery they look on as part of their pre-ordained "tribulation." Yet earnest ministers of all denominations should do something; men should preach against the danger of giving way to such fancies, for it is too certain that (in their utter want of practicality) they eat away the core of religion in not a few.

Very different indeed in every respect from the 'Coming Battle' is Dr. Volkmar's Commentary. It seems almost an indignity to this last to place them thus side by side. And yet if we are to measure the importance of any work by its present effect, we are compelled to give prominence to the Canadian tract, because (as we have said) there are so many on whom its style of (we cannot call it) reasoning makes a deep impression. The two represent the two extremes; on the one hand blind credulity, accepting assertions as truths; on the other, criticism pushed beyond its proper limits—wild speculation of unbelief even more offensive to sober sense than the wild flights of unchastened fancy which have in part caused the reaction in the opposite direction. Of Dr. Volkmar it is enough to say, he is a pastor at Zurich, of the *very advanced* school. For instance, he starts, like M. Renan, by putting the supernatural out of account altogether; and by denying *in toto* the gift of prophecy to those who wrote our early Christian books. This denial, indeed, furnishes him with what he considers an infallible method of discovering the exact time when any book was written: first, from the general matters of which it treats, you can, of course, fix, generally, its place in the world's history; then, so long as the "*predictions*" match exactly with what we know of the events from other sources, so long (we may be sure) the "*prophecy*" is merely a record of the past. As soon as this close agreement ceases, and the writer begins to deal in vague generalities, then we may believe he actually wrote his work. This is pushing unbelief to its extreme limits; it is difficult for us in England to believe that men who write such things can still claim the title of Christian pastors; it is equally impossible for men like Dr. Volkmar to conceive that sane human beings could write or read such a tract as the *Coming Battle*, for (they would argue) if these men *really* believe these things, how can they continue on the Stock Exchange, for instance, or practise still the divers tricks of competition?" *Nolumus germanisari*: nor is there any fear of religion among Englishmen in general erring on the side of speculative criticism: we are not to the manner born. There is, and always has been, the opposite fear, of the Celtic element, which is strong in us, hurrying us on into excesses growing out

of such wild vaticinations as Mr. Baxter indulges in. Let us never forget that England, "sober England," as we (self-satisfied in this as in other things) are constantly calling it, furnishes by far the largest number of converts to Mormonism, far more than all the world besides; and the ease with which converts to such a strange faith are here made is surely due in part to our habit of recklessly following out any fancy which we may have taken up, regardless of the absurdities into which it leads us, nay, of clinging closer to it on account of those very absurdities. It will, then, *do us no harm* to see what a sober German Swiss finds to say about a book which among us is too ordinarily dealt with in a way of which *The Coming Battle* is not a caricature, scarcely even an exaggeration.

According to Dr. Volkmar's view, the *Beast* is Nero, and the *False Prophet* the Apostle Paul, or at any rate the "Pauline party," since the head of it had probably been dead some years. Those of Dr. Volkmar's party, who do not push things to extremes, think that the False Prophet is rather the head of those numerous charlatans, "spiritualists" ("mathematici et astrologi," as Suetonius calls them), who had swarmed in Rome from the days of Horace at least. They would identify him with *Simon Magus*, "if the legend of Simon had any any solid historical foundation." *

And now for some of the "*proofs*" on which these precious results are founded.

The seven heads are the seven emperors from Augustus downwards; the names of blasphemy written on them being the titles "Augustus," "Divus," &c., which so shocked the Jewish notions.

The ten horns are the "ten kingdoms" of which the Roman empire was made up. The reason why so many wrong guesses have been made about the meaning of the number 666 is (we are told) first, because commentators have too often forgotten that it is the "number of a man," strictly, that is, the name of a person; and next, that they have sought a meaning in every language except the right one, which is, of course, *Hebrew*; the Apocalypse being (Dr. Volkmar says) stuffed full of Rabbinicisms, and this representation of names by their equivalent numbers being a very favourite practice with Rabbinical writers, so much so, that they used to think themselves at liberty to substitute for any word offensive to their prejudices *another having the same numerical power*. For instance, we are told (Numb. xii. 1) that Moses had married an *Ethiopian woman*, the Hebrew word in this case giving the figure 736. But this mixture of races being exceed-

* M. Réville, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for 1st October, 1863.

ingly offensive to the Talmudists, they have put in "*a woman of a fair countenance*," the *numerical* value of the letters of which is likewise 736. It is as if to call us to the Hebrew language (says our writer), that in several instances through the book the Hebrew names are given as well as the Greek: thus the angel of the bottomless pit is Abaddon as well as Apollyon. Corsodi of Zurich, in 1781, seems to have been the first in modern times who claimed for Nero the honour of being identical with the Beast; but not until 1836 "*was the fact placed beyond a doubt*." Fritsche at Rostock, Hitzig at Zurich, Reuss at Strasburg, Benary at Berlin, seem to have made the wondrous discovery simultaneously; and its announcement was followed by fierce war between at least two of them, who contended stoutly (like Adams and Leverrier about their new planet) for the independence of their several explanations, and did battle for the sole title to "this brilliant discovery of the new school of criticism."

The mode of proceeding by which the point is established is as follows:—

Short vowels count for nothing in Hebrew enumeration, and long *e* is complaisant enough to "abolish itself" in a number of instances cited from the Talmudists and elsewhere. Then, taking Kêsar Nêrôn—

$$\begin{array}{cccc} K = 100 & S = 60 & R = 200 & N = 50 \\ R = 200 & ô = 6 & N = 50, & \text{total} = 666 \end{array}$$

It happens that Irenæus mentions (in his treatise Adv. Hæret. v. 30) that many copies in his day gave 616 instead of 666: and this "other reading," Dr. Volkmar supposes, strengthens the above hypothesis. For 616 is just 666 minus 50, or kêsar Nêrôn wanting an *n*, and there would surely be many transcribers who, being Latins, would use *Nérô*, the Latin form of the name instead of the Greek Nêrôn.

So much for the "numerical criticism." Next, as to the tradition of the time. The universal idea (says our writer, fortifying his assertion by extracts from various parts of the "Sibylline oracles"—that strange collection of "prophecies"—of different dates, which has not yet, in England, been studied as attentively as it deserves to be)—the constant opinion among all the uneducated populace, was, that Nero was not dead, but had disappeared into the East, there to hide himself for a time, and then to march on Rome at the head of the Parthian hordes, and to wreak on the seven-hilled city the long-threatened vengeance of Heaven. Even as late as the middle of the third century, the '*Carmen Apologeticum*' of Commodian, written during the Decian persecution, identifies Nero with Antichrist, supposing

him to have been kept in hell during the intervening period, and to be now amongst the swarms of Goths who were, for the first time, crossing the Danube. The five kingly heads which have already fallen (Rev. xvii. 10), are Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero. The one that is, is Galba. The other is not yet come. Dr. Volkmar (fixing the date of the Apocalypse in the latter half of A.D. 68) allows the writer of it so much prophetic power as to prove that Galba could not hold the reins of government very long. His successor, "when he cometh, "must continue a *short space*," because the end is at hand. After him comes the Beast, which was and is not, the wounded head miraculously healed,—referring to Nero's downfall and presumed subsequent return to power. Nero had been, of all the emperors, the most greedy of Divine honours ("wishing that all the earth should fall down before his image," Rev. xiii. 12, 15); he, too, had carried to the greatest extent the imperial policy of admitting foreigners very readily to the privileges of Roman freedom; he had kept up close relations with eastern parts. Tacitus and Suetonius speak of him, as seeking continually to gain the favour of the Parthians; all of which seems (in the writer's opinion) to mark him as the monster who should come with the ten kings, and all peoples, and nations, and tongues, to make the great Babylon desolate, and burn her with fire (Rev. xvii. 15, 16).

So much for the identification of the Antichrist of St. John with a contemporary personage. Dr. Volkmar says little about the long series of interpretations, from the time of Irenæus, who, among several other names, suggested Latinus (Λατίνος)—this, by the way, has been adopted by many since, down to that of certain commentators in the time of the first Napoleon, who identified his name with that of Apollyon, and thought the locusts with human faces who swarm up out of the pit, were his steel-clad cuirassiers. It is remarkable that Innocent III. (in 1215) and Luther both fell into the same error of taking 666 as a chronological period; the Pope fixing thereby the coming downfall of Mahometanism (he was then preaching a crusade). The latter arguing that the Papal power (which he supposes began with Gregory VII.) would speedily be crushed. Bossuet, we all have read, pressed antiquarianism into the service, and because Diocletian's name appears in inscriptions (which, after a not unusual Roman plan, give date and name all in one) as

DIOCLEs AVGVSTVS,

he identified the great persecutor with Antichrist; but, alas! this method would not do, for some irreverent heretic showed that the name of the Grand Monarque himself treated thus,

LVDovicVs,

gives (as we remarked above) the proper number just the same.

By the way, the ease with which Ludovicus gives the fatal number, of course, affords collateral proof of the identity of Louis Napoleon and the apocalyptic beast. This latest interpretation has escaped the Zurich pastor; but, besides being worked out in the *Coming Battle*, it is the basis of a much more pretentious book, which has even stolen the picture that we alluded to as adorning the Charnwood clergyman's manual of years ago. In *Louis Napoleon the destined Monarch of the World*, a book lately published in America, six of the heads are dragon-like, the seventh being like that which is so continually brought before us in all French works of art, from colossal statues downwards to penny plaster-casts. When we say that this work is published in the Northern States, and that it asserts that in some three years and a-half (the "time, times, and half a time") England will become a French province, we cannot help feeling, justly or unjustly, that the wish is father to the thought, and can measure the amount of credibility deserved by the rest of the writer's predictions.

But to return to Dr. Volkmar. He notices the energetic hatred of the early Christians against imperial Rome, and her wary tyranny. We have a great deal to unlearn as to the effect of Roman influence on the world. Just now, imperialism is in the ascendant, not only with French writers, but with so-called Continental Liberals. Our old friends, Brutus, and Cassius, and Cato, thrust down from their false position as "Liberals and friends of progress," are regarded as "obstructives," struggling to the death for the liberty to oppress all the rest of mankind, for the liberty to keep all the States of Italy out of the senate and the voting-field, and to settle the government of the world according to their own will and pleasure. Cæsar, on the other hand, the ruthless conqueror, who shed blood like water in Gaul, who flogged Gauls to death, is (we are reminded) the man who, striking at the root of Roman prejudice, brought Gauls into the senate, and inaugurated that equality of nations which his successors strove more and more to realise. Then we have so often brought in, in books of all kinds, the picture, first sketched by Gibbon, of a world-wide empire, maintaining peace and prosperity, from the pillars of Hercules to the frontiers of India; and of troubles and disorders at Rome, affecting very little, indeed, the well-being of the provinces. This may be all very true; but at what a sacrifice was this state of things purchased? Simply at the cost of the national life of the several provinces. The Roman government was a crushing tyranny, having the peculiar effect

of depopulating and demoralizing as well. Look how it delivered every subject state, bound hand and foot, drained of all national vigour, to the invading barbarians, and you will not wonder that men, who felt everything drying up around them which made life worth living for, should have vigorously hated the system, and the capital where that system was kept up; yea, should have expected to see the fire of heaven presently descend upon it? No doubt the Christians did talk of this coming vengeance; and so it was a very clever stroke of Nero's to lay the burning of the city at the doors of those who were known to expect and to desire such a conflagration.

Why the false prophet should be St. Paul, is made out in the most marvellous way. The Apostle, in Rom. xiii. and elsewhere, gives precepts about obedience to civil governors, respect for laws and customs, &c.: this (we are told) is, *exaggeration apart, what the Book of Revelation means by speaking of the false prophet setting forward the worship of the beast*. St. Paul's party is by our Swiss pastor identified with those Nicolaitanes of whom St. John speaks with such horror and disgust. It used to be the custom among many, who were some of the stanchest opponents of German theology, to allow it at least the credit of "pro-fundity;" depth of research, extent of erudition, were supposed to be its characteristics; whatever wrong results were arrived at were assumed to be due not to rashness of speculation, not to recklessness of conjecture, but to original faultiness of hypothesis. We should imagine this view of Germanism is nearly extinct, among those at least who, from a practical acquaintance with the subject, have a right to form an opinion. The fact is, while there are amongst the Germans, wonderfully exhaustive writers in all branches of literature, the majority of those who, like Dr. Volkmar, are busy in endeavouring to subvert established creeds and settled ways of thought, are not profound at all. A "*German writer*" (using the word in its popular sense) is like a cuttle-fish. No matter how shallow a puddle he swims in, he can darken it, until you cease altogether to look through to the bottom, and you see, in fact, nothing but a turbid mixture with occasional fragmentary glimpses of your own face on its inky surface.

But Dr. Volkmar is a Swiss; and, to the haziness of the German, he adds the dapper self-assertion of the Frenchman. He believes in the miraculous? He believes that the lonely seer on Patmos was "in the Spirit on the Lord's-day"? Oh, dear, no! the 'visions' are cool *compositions*, put together for effect; all that had not already happened, or could be anticipated by the most ordinary foresight, is pure fancy. And yet) and this is

just the strange point which English readers find it so hard to grasp, this *cruz* which troubles us so often in M. Renan's *Life of Jesus*) the writer (he is sure) was not *an impostor*. He knew that he was fabricating visions, putting forth scenes as occurring in the courts of heaven which were the wild dreams of his own disordered imagination, yet he is not to be accused of *bad faith*; if we so accuse him, we show that we are utterly incapable of comprehending the feelings of the age when he wrote, of taking the first step towards putting ourselves fairly in the position of the writer and his contemporaries.

So says the newest school of continental exegesis. They allow the grandeur of the ideas which are the groundwork of the book: they tell us that it proclaims with trumpet-voice the ultimate triumph of goodness—the eternal truth that injustice, though seemingly triumphant, is condemned already in heaven, and will surely sooner or later be overthrown on earth. They show us how it illustrates the invincible vitality of the right; how, though you stifle it, it will yet wake and find a voice; though you crush it it will yet rise again. They see in the whole book a grand illustration of the wise man's words, "though hand join in hand, yet shall not the wicked be unpunished." "Despotism, brute force, and craft, banded never so closely together, cannot hinder the world from going on in the road along which God is guiding it. You may be called Caesar, you may be worshipped by the whole human race, you may have all the powers of earth and hell at your disposal, yet you cannot free yourself from those Supreme laws in virtue of which the wicked man is rushing to his doom, even at the very time when he is singing his song of victory." This, we are told, is the spirit of the *Book of Revelation*, and most heartily do we say, "Yes, it is." But, then, we cannot stop here. Because the book is God's book, it was to be expected that it should put forward the triumph of goodness, the imperishableness of right; such is our position. Dr. Volkmar, on the contrary, can see nothing in it but an expression of the feelings of a sorely oppressed set of men, uttered in glowing Eastern metaphor; and, partly from its intrinsic beauty and the "truth of its ideas," partly from its connexion with the *Book of Daniel* and the Christianity of the day, accepted from that time forward by all who have been persecuted for conscience' sake as a prophecy of their final deliverance.

The two views are hopelessly different. We simply submit that ours is the view of the Apostle who wrote the book, of the churches which accepted it and handed it down to us, and of Christian people in general. The other is the view of Dr. Volk-

mar, of Zurich, and a score of other intellectual luminaries in France, Switzerland, and Germany. Dr. Volkmar will not care for this contrast: he has arrived (doubtless) at that state of mind in which the German theologian, being reminded, in the midst of a certain argument, that the great Apostle of the Gentiles was dead against him, said coolly: "Ah, that's just where Paul and I differ." Englishmen, however, will be a very long time before they look complacently on such a mode of dealing with God's Word, and will need very different reasoning from this writer's flowing sophisms and flippant assertions to convince them that St. John meant to describe St. Paul by the false prophet, with the form of a lamb and the voice of a dragon.

And now one word more as to why we put these two books together, whose names appear at the head of this article. It is just because they represent (as we said) the two opposite poles—the extreme of unbelief, and the extreme of credulity; and these two are unhappily *complementary*. An age which sees the one rampant is sure to witness the other in full force. Spiritualism and wildest Germanism, negation of all prophecy and all miracle on the one hand, absurd attempts to map out the future on the other, go, and have always gone, together. They support one another: they do more, they join in disgusting and perplexing good and thoughtful men, and in hurrying off the weakly-guarded in one direction or the other. Let us beware; if we would stand against the assaults of the school of Dr. Volkmar, we must have something better to oppose to them than the rabid effusions, the wild hallucinations of the author of the "Coming Battle" and "Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World." The whole question of Apocalyptic interpretation (like so many others which insist on pushing themselves forward, however men may seek to keep them in the background) is one which strictly belongs to the great fundamental question "are we *spiritual Christians*, or mere worshippers of the letter?"

Absurd worship of "the letter," will always infallibly lead to views like those which Dr. Volkmar announces. As surely as we begin to set up one Apostle against another, and to speak (as has too often been done) of St. James as a very *legal* Christian, far below St. Paul in the clearness of his views about justification, so surely are we preparing the way for a retort like that which this book gives us:—"Yes, your favourite Apostle was, doubtless, a large-minded, far-sighted man; but he was not the colleague of the rest. Doubtless, his views did eventually, in substance, prevail; but, meanwhile the followers, not of St. James only, but of St. John the Divine, coupled his name

“with those of the worst of heretics, and identified him with “the False Prophet, who taught men to worship the Beast.” This is what we have laid ourselves open to, by our thoroughly unspiritual way of looking at Scripture.

It seems to us, that from the point of view of the mere Bibliolators, the position of such men as Dr. Volkmar is unassailable. He sets store by “historical evidence” no less than they do. His facts are, some of them at least, as unquestionable as some of theirs: both agree in looking solely to the books themselves, and to external testimony; both alike ignore that Spirit—the Spirit of Life—working among Christian people from age to age, which is as much above any written record as the life which is transmitted from heir to heir of some great family is something better than that family’s title-deeds. It is this principle of Life which keeps (and will keep) us from sinking into worshippers of the letter, or floating about in vague unbelief. This is the sure, as it is the only, refuge, alike from the cold cloudland into which speculations like Dr. Volkmar would drive us, and from the stormy sea of “orthodox” conjecture, which *The Coming Battle* sweeps us into one of the wildest currents. Both extremes have, besides their utter abnegation of all truly spiritual feeling, another evil, their entire want of practicality. Who could *work as all ought to work*; who could pray by the bedside of the sick poor, who felt about the Bible as Dr. Volkmar would have us feel? And who could show even-handed kindness to all alike, tenderness to the little prejudices, the prosiness, the fussiness of those he has to do with; and, further, who could display activity in schools, activity in regard to missions, whose mind was engrossed with the crushing idea of speedy destruction threatening all the world, save a few; of almost every nation; moving blindly on towards an inevitable doom; of a Millennium inaugurated in blood and giving a triumph to evil, inasmuch as the greater portion of the human race would fall with the fall of Antichrist. Against both extremes we enter our protest. We have not attempted to go at all deeply into the question, for it is one which it surely ill-becomes Christians to dogmatise, seeing their Lord has emphatically said, “It is not for you to know the times or the seasons.”

The vast amount of apocalyptic literature rests almost entirely on single names. No amount of learning or research can *settle* the question; and in such a case it is idle to make a great parade of learning. The real cure is in improved internal organization among the Christian churches. There are far too many readers of ‘Last Vials’ and ‘Coming Battles;’ earnest people, most of them, who turn to speculation just because there seems nothing open to them in the way of practice. Give

people work *at home*; don't let them be content with helping Missions and giving to Societies; all this is excellent, it cometh of the Lord, but the heart is not satisfied therewith; show them that the poor, the very best of them, keep out of the way of *organised systems*, and must be sought out by the single efforts of Christian love. There is surely a "*link missing*," when we have so much wealth among us, and withal so much real charity and readiness to help, and yet people starve who deserve a better fate. To forge this link must be the work of all who have a voice in any congregation—to give, to those who are anxious *to do something*, other and better work than they can find in studying Elliott and Bickersteth, and tracing the history of "The Toe Kingdoms;" then we shall have fewer thousands sold of such works as the 'Coming Battle,' and books, like Dr. Volkmar's, will then do no possible harm to those who feel that their duty is not to speculate but to act, and whose firm practical faith in their God and Saviour will not be affected by any interpretation which the Apocalypse can possibly receive.

Whether the visions in that book refer to the times in which the writer lived, or to some one period since, or to some time yet to come, or whether they foreshadow a series (still unfinished) of great crises in the world's history,—successive epochs in which evil, having come to a head, is arrested from its pre-eminence, and for a time laid low; whichever of these hypotheses we may accept—and the Bible binds us to none in particular—our duty is the same, to think soberly, and never to let our speculation interfere with our active discharge of Christian duty. But if this is to be so with us, we must keep equally clear of the dreams of Mr. Baxter, and the speculations of Dr. Volkmar.

VI.

THE UNITY OF THE POPULAR TALE.*

AMONG the modern "*ologies*" the science of *storyology* is likely to be regarded by many readers with especial favour

- *1. *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition, and Folk Lore*; by Wallis K. Kelly. Chapman and Hall.
2. *Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a Translation*, by J. F. Campbell, 4 vols. Edmonston and Douglas.
3. *Northern Mythology. Compiled from original and other sources*; by Benjamin Thorpe, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, 3 vols. Edward Lumley.
4. *The Myth of Hia Watha, and other Oral Legends, Mythologic and Allegoric, of the North American Indians*; by Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Lippincotte, Philadelphia.

as one of the most interesting, while by scholars its great importance has been for some time perceived. The ethnological value of popular tales and ancient traditions cannot very well be over estimated—they bring an ethnic element to the study of the unity or variety of human races, not only of a peculiarly interesting but of a most valuable character. Contributions to the study we have in abundance, but they lie scattered over innumerable volumes. Thousands of books of travel might be explored, and the task, which in the nature of things would have to be a self-imposed labour of love, would, we believe, furnish from every quarter of the globe, and from all varieties of wild people, pastoral and nomadic, agricultural or predatory; from South Sea Isles and North American wigwams, from Calmuc steppes and German forests, from the depths of the Amoor and the Chatits of the Himalayas, an amount of material most suggestive to the thoughtful inquirer into the pathways along which the various races have travelled to their present development. In national songs, in riddles, proverbs, and popular tales, uttered and chanted by lonely fires in the bush, in dark huts and solitary farms, in the waste of mountains and moors, a people's ancestry, history, and character are reflected in the clearest manner. Every way, one of the most important contributions to this department of literature is the work of Mr. Campbell:—so far as our poor scholarship in the matter enables us to judge his four handsome volumes seem to be prepared in a spirit of scrupulous and scholarly integrity, and contain every evidence of remarkable ability and industry: if any argument were needed, then they appear to furnish another most impregnable argument for the Eastern origin of the Celtic nations, and the relation, even the intimate relation subsisting between the Indo-Germanic and the Celtic peoples.

Stories like these, compared again with the varieties in the volumes of Mr. Thorpe, suggest the question whether they all flow down from one common ancestry, recited in varying circumstances from age to age, or whether they are an illustration of the synonymousness of human intelligence in the order of its development. Is it so that the mind of man in its pathway to perfect freedom, when beneath the charm of its own volitions, is able to create novels, fictions, tragedies, comedies and poems in multitudinous variety—and in its forming epoch when it commences the shaping its ideas in the similitudes of corresponding action, and passion pursues the same course? It does seem so, not only that the passion for story-uttering or story-hearing is universal in all nations, among all peoples, but whilst each nation has its own, the varieties of popular story resemble each

other, especially in their most primitive forms, and meet as much as all the races meet in that one comprehensive being we call Man. Homer, Herodotus, Æsop, Grimm, and Gammer Grethel are not only wanted by all primitive communities, but there is considerable likeness, too, in their ethnic relatives. An antiquarian like Mr. Campbell discovers this, and turns it to admirable purpose. He sees that as the flotsome and jetsome are constantly drifting northwards and eastwards, yet finding a resting-place on some western shore, so the popular tale is the like mental débris floating down from some central tribe it may be in Central Asia, appearing with varieties of attrition or some slight circumstantial cohesion in Brittany, Scandinavia, Ireland, the West of Scotland, then by some traveller identified with some similar findings in Ceylon or Japan. But for some such common origin and foundation, it would be strange indeed to find the romances of boatmen and fishermen inhabiting small islands filled with incidents which seem to belong to a wild, continental, horse-riding tribe. We fear that in some regions the possibility for the collection of such primeval traditions is dying out. Books and newspapers, pens, ink, and paper are sad foes to the faculty of memory. Plato somewhere implies in words, the exactness of which has escaped us, that the veneration of letters is the decay of memory. Mr. Campbell has collected his vast stores from old men and old women who held them only in their memory. "In our age," he well says, "tradition is out and books are in;" railways and tourists too are doing their accustomed work in driving out the belief in the supernatural. We must quote his description of one of the old storytellers of the Western Highlands.

He told me nine stories, and, like all the others, declared that there was no man in the islands who knew them so well. "He could not say how many he knew;" he seemed to know versions of nearly everything I had got; and he told me plainly that my versions were good for nothing. "Huch! Thou hast not got them right at all." "*They came into his mind,*" he said, "*sometimes at night when he could not sleep—old tales that he had not heard for threescore years.*"

He had the manner of a practised narrator, and it is quite evident that he is one; he chuckled at the interesting parts, and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out the terrible bits with due solemnity. A small boy in a kilt, with large round glittering eyes, was standing mute at his knee, gazing at his wrinkled face, and devouring every word. The boy's mother first boiled, and then mashed potatoes; and his father, a well grown man in tartan breeks, ate them. Ducks and ducklings, a cat and a kitten, some hens and a baby, all tumbled about on the clay floor together, and expressed their delight at the savoury prospect, each in his own fashion; and three wayfarers

dropped in and listened for a spell, and passed their remarks till the ford was shallow. The light came streaming down the chimney, and through a single pane of glass, lighting up a track in the blue mist of the peat smoke; and fell on the white hair and brown withered face of the old man, as he sat on a low stool with his feet to the fire; and the rest of the dwelling, with all its plenishing of boxes and box-beds, dishes and dresser, and gear of all sorts, faded away through shades of deepening brown, to the black darkness of the smoked roof and the "peat corner." There we sat, and smoked and talked for hours, till the tide ebbed; and then I crossed the ford by wading up to the waist, and dried my clothes in the wind in Benbecula.

It will be very curious to those unaccustomed to the study of these things, to find the adventures of the good Haroun-al-Raschid in these Western Isles; old crones and old men reciting Gaelic versions of 'Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp.' Some of the stories seem to approach the 'Tales of the Duchess D'Aulnoy;' others, a greater number, more closely resemble, (and in this they are like many we could quote from the old Indian Forests,) the charming shadow-pictures of Hans Andersen; the luxurious and dangerous introspection, the dramatic ways and moods of souls in peril from their sins, are unknown. The wanderings and lucubrations of Mr. Pickwick and his illustrious man Friday, Sam Weller; the likenesses to Waverley, or the 'Mysteries of London' are alike unknown. On the contrary, while we have no gorgeous palaces, nor flying gryphons in the Western Isles, kings and queens are a remarkably common character; and Emperors of Germany, and Kings of France seem to be as easily got at as the tooth-pick of Prester John by another famous wizard. All these primeval peoples have a frequent, pleasant, and even humorous way of putting things, an old smith upon his wanderings, lying down to rest, is said to "*put the world under his head.*" And when a girl wished her lover safely from the power of a giant, he replied cheerfully "*two shares of fear on him, and the smallest share on me.*"

Strength and shrewdness seem to be the two genii most usually worshipped by these ancient storytellers. A most humorous presentation of the foolishness of folly, makes a frequent appearance; the frequent selling of a something valueless as a source of riches, is the foundation of many a story, but finds its best illustration in these volumes in the story of the *Shifty Lad*, which is only, in a more primeval form, the story (now we presume familiar to all English readers) of *Master Tylwyth Owlglass*; and Mr. Campbell finds some incidents like it in the story of Rampsintus told to Herodotus, far more than

two thousand years since, and it is renewed in the Norse story of the 'Master Thief.' Sometimes we find the likenesses of little stories which crop up as anecdotes in conversation, meeting us both in Icelandic tales and Sanscrit traditions. Here is one; Mr. Campbell mentions its Scandinavian and Italian relations, but we believe it is in the Sanscrit Hitopadeza too:—

A sailor who had got his money, and who knew that he would spend it all, went to visit his friends. On his way he paid double, and generously, for his board and lodging, and bargained that he should take off a certain old hat as payment on his way back.

A Jew accompanied him on his return, and seeing the effect of the hat, begged for it, offered for it, and finally, bought it for a large sum. Then he tried it, got cudgelled by the innkeepers, and cursed the clever tar that had outwitted him.

Here, then, is a story known in the Highlands for many years, with incidents common to Gaelic, Norse, English, German, and some African tongue, and with a peculiar character of its own which distinguishes from all the others. I am indebted to the author of Norse Tales for a loan of the rare book mentioned in the following reference, which may throw some light on the story and its history:—

In *Le Piacevole Notte di Straparola*, 1567, the story is told of a priest and three rogues who outwit him, and whom he outwits in return.

First, they persuade him that a mule which he has bought is an ass, and get it; which incident is in another Gaelic story in another shape. Then he sells them a bargain in the shape of a goat, which is good for nothing.

Then he pretends to kill his housekeeper by sticking a knife into a bladder filled with blood, and brings her alive again with something which he sells to them for two hundred florins of gold, and they kill their three wives in earnest.

They are enraged, catch the priest, and put him into a sack, intending to drown him in a river. They set him down, and a shepherd comes, who hears a lamentable voice in a sack saying, "*Me la vogliono pur dare, e io non la voglio*"—They wish to give her to me, and I don't want her. The priest explains that the Lord of that city wants to marry him to his daughter, and by that bait (not the bait of riches) entices the shepherd into the sack. The shepherd is drowned. The priest takes the sheep, and the rogues, when they find the priest with the sheep, beg to be put into three sacks. They get in, are carried to the river by three "*facconi*," and disposed of; and *par-Scarpacifico*, rich in money and flocks, returned home and lived pleasantly, etc.

From what process this story got from Italian into Gaelic, or who *first* invented it, seems worth inquiry. One thing is clear; the Italian version and the four Gaelic versions now given resemble each other very closely.

The story of the 'Inheritance' is very characteristic, and finds the likenesses to which we have referred:—

There was once a farmer, and he was well off. He had three sons. When he was on the bed of death he called them to him, and he said, "My sons, I am going to leave you: let there be no disputing when I am gone. In a certain drawer, in a dresser in the inner chamber, you will find a sum of gold; divide it fairly and honestly amongst you, work the farm, and live together as you have done with me;" and shortly after the old man went away. The sons buried him; and when all was over, they went to the drawer, and when they drew it out there was nothing in it.

They stood for a while without speaking a word. Then the youngest spoke, and he said—"There is no knowing if there ever was any money at all!" The second said—"There was money surely, wherever it is now;" and the eldest said—"Our father never told a lie. There was money certainly, though I cannot understand the matter." "Come," said the eldest, "let us go to such an old man: he was our father's friend; he knew him well; he was at school with him; and no man knew so much of his affairs. Let us go to consult him."

So the brothers went to the house of the old man, and they told him all that had happened. "Stay with me," said the old man, "and I will think over this matter. I cannot understand it; but, as you know, your father and I were very great with each other. When he had children I had sponsorship, and when I had children he had gostje. I know he never told a lie." And he kept them there, and he gave them meat and drink for ten days.

Then he sent for the three young lads, and he made them sit down beside him, and he said—

"There was once a young lad, and he was poor; and he took love for the daughter of a rich neighbour, and she took love for him; but because he was so poor there could be no wedding. So at last they pledged themselves to each other, and the young man went away, and stayed in his own house. After a time there came another suitor, and because he was well off, the girl's father made her promise to marry him, and after a time they were married. But when the bridegroom came to her, he found her weeping and bewailing; and he said, 'What ails thee?' The bride would say nothing for a long time; but at last she told him all about it, and how she was pledged to another man. 'Dress thyself,' said the man, 'and follow me.' So she dressed herself in the wedding clothes, and he took the horse, and put her behind him, and he rode to the house of the other man, and when he got there, he struck in the door, and called out, 'Is there man within?' and when the other answered he left the bride there within the door, and he said nothing, but he returned home. Then the man got up, and got a light, and who was there but the bride in her wedding dress.

"What brought thee here?" said he. "Such a man," said the bride. "I was married to him to-day, and when I told him of the promise we had made, he brought me here himself and left me."

"Sit thou there," said the man; "art thou not married?" So he took the horse, and he rode to the priest, and he brought him to the house, and before the priest he loosed the woman from the pledge she

had given, and he gave her a line of writing that she was free, and he set her on the horse, and said, 'Now return to thy husband.'

"So the bride rode away in the darkness in her wedding dress. She had not gone far when she came to a thick wood where three robbers stopped and seized her. 'Aha!' said one, 'we have waited long, and we have got nothing, but now we have got the bride herself.' 'Oh,' said she, 'let me go: let me go to my husband; the man that I was pledged to has let me go. Here are ten pounds in gold—take them, and let me go on my journey.' And so she begged and prayed for a long time, and told what had happened to her. At last one of the robbers, who was of a better nature than the rest said, 'Come, as the others have done this, I will take you home myself.' 'Take thou the money,' said she. 'I will not take a penny,' said the robber; but the other two said, 'Give us the money,' and they took the ten pounds. The woman rode home, and the robbers left her at her husband's door, and she went in, and showed him the line—the writing that the other had given her before the priest, and they were well pleased."

"Now," said the old man, "which of all these do you think did best? So the eldest son said, "I think the man that sent the woman to him to whom she was pledged, was the honest, generous man: he did well." The second said, "Yes, but the man to whom she was pledged did still better, when he sent her to her husband." "Then," said the youngest, "I don't know myself; but perhaps the wisest of all were the robbers who got the money." Then the old man rose up, and he said, "Thou hast thy father's gold and silver. I have kept you here for ten days; I have watched you well. I know your father never told a lie, and thou hast stolen the money." And so the youngest son had to confess the fact, and the money was got and divided.

Our readers will perceive that a wide knowledge of books is needed to find the manifold cousin-ships of such tales; but in this we have quoted, the readers of Boccacio will recognise the likeness; and, as has been well said, a skilful modern novelist would doctor such a story as this, nursing it into a three-volume book. Trolles and giants we need not say abound in these traditions. Rip van Wink^{el} has been anticipated a hundred times; here is one, an old Danish tradition:—

THE AGED BRIDE.

At a marriage at Nörre-Broby near Odense, the bride during a dance left the apartment and walked without reflection towards a mount in the adjacent field, where at the same time there were dancing and merriment among the Elf-folk. On reaching the mount, she saw that it was standing on red pillars, and at the same moment an Elf came and presented to her a cup of wine. She took the cup, and having emptied it, suffered herself to join in a dance. When the dance was ended she bethought herself of her husband and hastened home. Here it appeared to her that everything in and about the place was changed, and on entering the village, she recognised neither house nor farm, and heard

nothing of the noisy mirth of the wedding. At length she found herself standing before her husband's dwelling, but on entering saw no one whom she knew, and no one who knew her. One old woman only, on hearing the bride's lamentation, exclaimed: "Is it then you, who a hundred years ago disappeared at my grandfather's brother's wedding?" At these words the aged bride fell down and instantly expired.

Some of the best known of the stories amongst us, have their analogies in regions which seem farthest removed from us. There is an instinctive morality, which may be found, not only in those parabolic forms which have evidently emanated from a reasoning and thoughtful, and perhaps, Christian people, but from the antiquities of Chinese morality. Through how many variations has the following Chinese parable on hospitality passed; for it is well known in many forms to us. It was related to the distinguished traveller Haxthausen by his wonderful servant Peter Neu, a marvel of a linguist, and he heard it in one of the streets of Persia, where, as in China and Japan, Mr. Oliphant tells us, groups are commonly seen listening to professional storytellers, and tradition-reciters in the streets:—

Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, coming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman, and begged permission to enter. "What!" said she, "do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? no indeed, it would be unbecoming a respectable woman—go your way!" Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had, a little goat's milk, broke a piece of bread into it, and said, "May Fohi bless it, that we may both have enough!" She then prepared for him a couch of straw; and when he fell asleep, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one, out of some linen she had made by her own hard labour: in the morning she brought it to him, begging he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast she accompanied him a little way; and at parting Fohi said, "May the first work you undertake last until evening!" When she got home, she began to measure her linen, to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to the end of it until the evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with her wealth. Her rich neighbour, seeing this, was sorely vexed, and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again. After some months the traveller came once more to the village; she went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had made some time before; but all night she kept a candle burning in her room that the stranger if he awoke might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast, she accompanied him out of the village; and when they parted he said, "May the first work you undertake last till evening!" She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, and

anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. "Before I measure my linen," said she, "I will quickly fetch the cows some water." But when she poured the water into the trough, her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were under water; the neighbours complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun.

Baron Haxthausen relates this in a very interesting chapter of his work, on 'Transcaucasia,' reciting a number of Armenian legends and tales.

To trace the analogues of even a hundredth part of these stories would be not the work of a brief article in a review, but of volumes,—our object rather is to suggest. Thus we find the story of 'Jack and the Bean-stalk' in Polynesia;—a hero goes up to the sky on a ladder made of a plant and brings thence three precious gifts, in much the same way as that in which Jack does; but this is one of those stories which seem to be common to all the world; but it has its distinct character in the Highlands. Mr. Campbell gives several versions of it. Cinderella also, is another of these common stories existing in many varieties. Here is one told to Mr. Campbell in an inn, at the sound of Benbecula by a girl named Morag a chota Bhain,—in English, Margory White Coats. The likeness of the Cinderella in the following story, may be seen in her white coats and short gown, blowing the fire in Highland Inns.

A king had four daughters, and his wife died, and he said he would marry one whom his dead wife's clothes would fit. One day the daughters tried, and the youngest only could wear them. The king saw them from a window, and wished to marry her, and she went for advice to her mother's brother. He advised her to promise to marry the king if he would bring her a gown of birds' down, and a gown of the colours of the sky, woven with silver; and when he had got that, a gown of the colour of the stars, woven with gold, and glass shoes. When he had got them, she escaped with all her clothes, by the help of her uncle, on a filly, with a magic bridle, she on one side, and her chest of clothes on the other. She rode to a king's palace, hid the chest in a hill under a bush of rushes, turned the filly loose, and went to the palace with nothing on but a white petticoat and a shift. She took service with the cook, and grew dirty and ugly, and slept on a bench by the kitchen fire, and her work was to blow under the great caldron all day long. One day the king's son came home, and was to hold a feast; she went to the queen and asked leave to go, and was refused because she was so dirty. The queen had a basin of water in her hand, and threw it at her, and it broke. She went to the hill, took out the dress of down and silver, and shook her magic bridle; the filly came,

and she mounted, and rode to the feast. "The king's son took her by the hand, and took her up as high as any there, and set her on his own lap; and when the feast was over, there was no reel that he danced but he gave it to her." He asked her whence she came, and she said, *from the kingdom of Broken Basins*; and the prince said that he had never heard of that land, though he had travelled far. She escaped and returned to the cook, and all were talking about the beautiful lady. She asked about her, and was told not to talk about what she did not understand, "a dirty little wretch like her." Then the prince had another feast; and she asked leave again, and the queen refused, and threw a candlestick at her, and it broke, and she did as before. She put on another dress and went; the king's son had eight men on each side of the door to catch her. The same scene went on, and she said she came from the country of Candlesticks—"TIR NAN COILLEAN," and escaped, leaving a glass shoe. Then the king's son fell sick (of course), and would only marry the woman whom the shoe would fit; and all the ladies came and cut off their toes and heels, but in vain. Then he asked if there was none other. Then a small creature put his head in at the door and said, "If thou didst but know, she whom thou seekest is under the cook." Then he got the history of the basin and the candlestick from his mother. The shoe was tried and fitted, and he was to marry Morag. All were in despair, and abused her; but she went out to her chest, shook the magic bridle, and arrayed herself, and came back on the filly, with a "powney" behind with the chest. Then all there that had despised her fell on their knees, and she was married to the prince. "And I did not get a bit there at the wedding," said the girl.

It must be admitted that some of the stories seem to give the shadowy myth character to the forces and powers of labour. The smith easily becomes ennobled into something half infernal and half divine; but it was perceived apparently that there was something more divine than mere strength. We have the story of the wife who had fairy blood in her veins; but was married to a smith in a forest of Nordland—who at last hated her for her fairy blood. He cursed her, ill-used her, and upbraided her, and while she suffered and repented, till one day she went into the smithy to see, with a friendly eye, her husband at work; but he began as before; but on its coming to blows, she, by way of proving her superior strength, seized an iron bar and twisted it round her husband as if it had been a wire. The husband was now forced to submission and to promise domestic peace. The parable sometimes suspiciously oozes out, but rarely we believe in the oldest traditions. Our readers know the story of the Giantess, whose daughter one day saw a husbandman ploughing in the field; she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, put him and his plough, and oxen, into her apron, and ran home to her mother, saying, "Mother! mother!

“ what sort of beetle is this I have found wriggling in the sand ? ” But the mother said, “ Ah, put it down child, put it down. We “ must be gone out of this land now, for these people have come “ to live in it.” The saline humour and conscious reverence, which peep out from a tradition like this, assure us that it does not belong to a very old age ; but to a period when narrators had begun to reason and to know ; it might pass for one of Hans Andersen’s fairy tales. Stories about smiths and swords are common to these tribes, the sword of light, the bright sword ; that is, we suppose stripped of supernatural qualities ; the sword of well-tempered steel, to which of course, extraordinary virtues were attributed. Such stories in which the mystic sword appears a kind of god, as in the romance of Arthur point, most likely, to the first use of iron ; the sword shines, cries out, the lives of men are bound up in it. We have the story even of a fox who changed himself into a sword of light, and the edge of the real sword touching an old witch, she fell into a withered fagot. Hints, like these, point to the dawn of time when Cunning, Strength, and Science,—the mighty, almost omnipotent *three* grasped hands together and became *one*—hence we suppose the origin of the veneration which still continues for iron. As symbolising man’s power over the hidden strong forces of nature, the old iron horse-shoe, still seen fastened over many a farm-door, points to the faith in which many of these popular stories were first uttered. Illustrations of this the reader will find in the ‘ Knight of the Red Shield.’ We also notice the frequent intimations of faith in the weakest ; faith in results sometimes, coming out expressed in a clumsy but yet not indistinct manner. Only a few weeks since a friend of ours was admiring a magnificent field of wheat. The old farmer to whom some pleasant remarks were made said, “ Aye, and some years ago we had three grains of wheat in a pound of plums, and I said to my old wife, now for curiosity we’ll plant these in a flower-pot ; and we did, and we planted all next year, next year, and next ; and now, from they three grains, we’ve got that field, and two more yonder.” Really, one might think some of our moralising fathers had known some such incident, before they recited the following legend of

THE MASTER AND HIS MAN.

There were at some time ere now bad times, and there were many servants seeking places, and there were not many places for them.

There was a farmer there, and he would not take any servant but one who would stay with him till the end of seven years, and who would not ask for wages, but what he could catch in his mouth of the seed corn, when he should be thrashing corn in the barn.

None were taking (service) with him. At last he said that he would let them plant their seed in the best ground that he might have, and they should get his own horses and plough to make the thraive, and his own horses to harrow it.

There was a young lad there, and he said, "I will take wages with thee," and the farmer set wages on that lad, and the bargain that they made was that the wages which the lad was to have were to be as many grains of seed as he could catch in his mouth when they were beating sheaves in the barn, and he was to get (leave) to plant that seed in the best land that the farmer had, and he was to keep as much as grew upon that seed, and to put with it what seed soever he might catch in his mouth when he was thrashing the corn, and to plant that in the best land which the farmer had on the next year. He was to have horses, and plough, or any other "gairios"* he might want for planting or reaping, from his master, and so on to the end of the seven years. That he should have seven winters in the barn thrashing, seven springs to plant, seven summers of growth for the crop, and seven autumns of reaping, and whatsoever were the outcoming that might be in the lad's seed, that was the wage that he was to have when he should go away.

The lad went home to his master, and always when he was thrashing in the barn his master was thrashing with him, and he caught but three grains of seed in his mouth on that winter; and he kept these carefully till the spring came, and he planted them in the best land the carle had.

There grew out of these three ears, and there were on each ear threescore good grains of seed.

The lad kept these carefully, and what grains soever he caught he put them together with them.

He planted these again in the spring, and in the autumn again he had as good as he had the year before that.

The lad put his seed bye carefully, and anything he caught in his mouth when he was thrashing in the next winter he put it with the other lot; and so with the lad from year to year, till at last, to make a long story short, the lad planted on the last year every (bit of) ploughing land that the carle had, and he had more seed to set, and the carle was almost harried. He had to pay rent to the farmer who was nearest to him, for land in which the lad might set the excess of seed which he had, and to sell part of his cattle for want of ground on which they might browse, and he would not make a bargain in the same way with a servant for ever after.

As the primeval family increases in age and knowledge, the fable and the riddle are invented. Something of this we have pointed out in the story of the 'Giantess' Daughter;' so also in the story of the fox, who, finding the bagpipes, which were usually made of tough hide, proceeded to eat the bag, and making a groan, exclaimed, "Ah! here's meat and music." But this

* Apparatus; also spelt goireas and gairaois.

range of tradition might open quite another class of selection ; our object has been rather to call attention to the unity of the race, as manifesting itself through the varieties of popular fiction. The more closely the interesting subject of *storyology* is explored, the more curious and interesting become its revelations. Viewed from the scientific side, as a systematic study, we repeat, it furnishes us interesting contribution to to the theory of the unity of the human family. Studied from any side, a number of incidents seem to be repeated over and over again ; the documentary value and peculiarity being that they are never repeated twice in the same words, though they are so easily recognised. Mr. Campbell refers to the story of the Giant, whose life was not in his body, but stowed away somewhere else, and to his finding the same incident in hieroglyph on an Egyptian papyrus ; and the Norse Giant, with no heart in his body, and the Arabic Djin, who kept his life at the bottom of the sea, are evidently Eastern and Western varieties. "Nursery tales are the débris of natural religions, now fast fading away before the light of revealed religion, but which subsisted along with it before the flood." Twenty-five years since, Mr. Carlyle struck a fine key of explanation in his lecture on *Odin* in the *Hero Worship*, and whoso reads a little into the old Norse Eddas and Sagas, will see how plain men and women are found dealing with heroes and heroines, great birds, dragons, and subterranean powers ; the elements personified, worshipped, dethroned : demons and hobgoblins, fiends, fairies, and furies ; ghosts, bogies, and, high over all, some power greater and more powerful than they, the hidden reason and seed of all, to which all were certainly tending, and which could not be reached without his aid. In the same way unconscious, and yet traditional mannerisms, point in the direction of the popular tale, both point sun-wise and south ways. The worship of the sun, the usages and memories connected with it, hold in many an unconscious popular observance. There was a time when it was necessary, in order to propitiate popular divinities, 'to put the best foot foremost.' The boat was rowed sun-wise—the English sailor coils a rope sun-wise ; when a soldier faces about he goes right-about-face ; girls dance in a circle, and usually, we believe, face the centre, and move to the left, which is sun-wise. It is so over all Norseland, not only in the lonely Faroe Isles, where Mr. Campbell saw the men, women, and girls circling round the room, singing old heroic ballads in the Norse tongue, but in some benighted villages in England where still they dance round the Maypole. Mr. Campbell says—

Now, if a man anywhere north of the equator will face the sun all day, and the place where he is all night, he will revolve right-about-face in twenty-four hours, and meet the rising sun in the morning with his right hand to the south, his back to the west, his left hand to the north, and his face towards his object of worship, if he worships the sun. If he walks round the gnomon of a dial on the sunny side, seeking light and avoiding shade, he will describe a portion of a circle from left to right, and if he crosses the arctic circle he may so perform a whole circle in a summer's day; but if an Asian or European walks continually towards the sun at an even pace, whenever he can see him, he will necessarily walk westwards and southwards, in the direction in which Western Aryans are supposed to have migrated.

The Gaelic language points the same way. *Deas* means south, and right, and ready dexterous, well-proportioned, ready-witted, eloquent. Consequently to go south, and to go to the right; to coil a rope dexterously, or southwards; to be dexterous, southern, and to be prepared to set out; are all expressed by the same Gaelic words—"Deas," "Gu deiseal," etc. Now all this surely points to a journey from east to west with the sun for a leader; to a camp awakening at sunrise and facing the great leader in the morning, watching his progress till noon, and setting off westwards when "*DIA*," god of day, was south; *Deas*,* ready to lead them westwards on their pilgrimage. Surely all these northern games, dances, and ceremonies, and thoughtless acts, point to astronomical worship, and an imitation of the march of the stars round the world, or round the sun, if men had got so far in their astronomy.

We are aware that many readers will object to all this. Some primal instincts in the nature of man. We shall not attempt to argue the question, for the drift of our article, it is immaterial. We cannot fail to find in these observances and traditions, stories and legends, the central stem and unity of our race, and whether it be found in what man was, or what man is, the argument is the same. We might apply the same remarks to the legends of the almost extinct Indian tribes, and Dr. Schoolcraft has gathered on the Western Continent curiosities of oral tradition similar to those collected by Mr. Campbell among the Western Islands, by the myths he has gathered the Indian is able to trace his connexions with the human family in other parts of the world—there are not wanting signs of connexion with the old Odin family; but the magnificent and volcano-lighted peaks of Mexico and the fertile deltas of the Mississippi valley hold legends which point to the symbolical fires of the valley of the Euphrates, and the symbolical worship of the sun.

* Pronounced Djee-A. *Djays*.

VII.

SERMONS BY ALEXANDER RALEIGH.*

WE cannot afford as some critics, to dispense with all notice of sermons, and to regard them only as the offscouring of all things literary. We meet with too many noble ones not to regard this department of letters also with great interest.

No title could more happily describe the character and purpose of the volume of sermons before us, — 'Quiet Resting-Places,' — this, the topic and the text of the first discourse, seems to give concisely the preacher's idea of the Christian ministry; to prepare quiet resting-places for weary people. The volume is the utterance of one of the most affectionate tongues of the Congregational pulpit. We shall not therefore, we hope, be misunderstood, when we say this volume is also the production of a very careful pulpit-artist; the discourses are laboured, and thought over with the same care a painter bestows on his composition, and his colours, his forms, and lights and shades. Here is a master of that which preachers have so much neglected, but without which the sermon is usually nothing,—*accent*; or accent is the soul of eloquence, the soul of tenderness, emphasis is the art of affectionateness. Mr. Raleigh, in the volume before us, shows himself to be one of the masters of pathos; this is a power very little exercised among us, and it cannot be cultivated, unless there be the deep inner-spring of emotion. Our readers will remember some words of St. Augustine, quoted by us, a short time since, in an article on the 'Vocation of the Preacher,' in which he exalts so much the acclamation of tears as so incomparably above the acclamation of applause, and counts persuasion and change of life as only likely to result from the starting of the tear.

Mr. Raleigh would furnish an admirable illustration to the remarks made by Sir Bulwer Lytton, in a work which receives from us this month a separate notice—*Caxtoniana*, on the power of shyness and nervousness as an element of the most successful oratory. No doubt shyness—nervous susceptibility—is common enough, especially in young speakers; but that throbbing, thrilling nervousness of emotion united to perfect command over the subject, and interest in it, with personal self-possession, is, in the degree in which it rules in the mind of an orator, a sceptre of success and power. We quote these words:—

* *Quiet Resting-Places, and other Sermons*; by Alexander Raleigh, Canonbury. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

Now, I apprehend that the ideal excellence thus admirably described is always present to the contemplation of the highest order of genius, and tends to quicken and perpetuate the nervous susceptibility, which inspires courage while it seems like fear.

Nervousness, to give the susceptibility I speak of its familiar name, is perhaps the quality which great orators have the most in common. I doubt whether there has been any public speaker of the highest order of eloquence who has not felt an anxiety or apprehension, more or less actually painful, before rising to address an audience upon any very important subject on which he has meditated beforehand. This nervousness will, indeed, probably be proportioned to the amount of previous preparation, even though the necessities of reply or the changeful temperament which characterises public assemblies may compel the orator to modify, alter, perhaps wholly reject, what, in previous preparation, he had designed to say. The fact of preparation itself had impressed him with the dignity of the subject—with the responsibilities that devolve on an advocate from whom much is expected, on whose individual utterance results affecting the interests of many may depend. His imagination had been roused and warmed, and there is no imagination where there is no sensibility. Thus the orator had mentally surveyed, as it were, at a distance, the loftiest height of his argument; and now, when he is about to ascend to it, the awe of the altitude is felt.

In speeches thoroughly impromptu, in which the mind of the speaker has not had leisure to brood over what he is called upon suddenly to say, the nervousness either does not exist or is much less painfully felt; because then the speaker has not set before his imagination some ideal perfection to which he desires to attain, and of which he fears to fall short. And this I take to be the main reason why speakers who so value themselves on readiness that they never revolve beforehand what they can glibly utter, do not rise beyond mediocrity. To no such speaker has posterity accorded the name of orator. The extempore speaker is not an orator, though the orator must of necessity be, whenever occasion calls for it, an extempore speaker. Extemporaneous speaking is, indeed, the groundwork of the orator's art; preparation is the last finish, and the most difficult of all his accomplishments. To learn by heart as a schoolboy, or to prepare as an orator, are two things not only essentially different, but essentially antagonistic to each other; for the work most opposed to an effective oration is an elegant essay.

Surprise has often been expressed that the timid, apparently shrinking, and nervous speaker, seems to be the very man who most subdues in the pulpit, where especially the emotions have to be aroused—he is the man who uses words as if brandishing a torch of flame, rolls his words like retiring and scarcely audible thunders, but even therefore more impressive; and it is remarkable that the excitement seems to increase in proportion to the preparation bestowed. Many of the most eminent of

modern preachers have met their audiences with most fear. A man may expound, or talk *untremulously*, with a certain felicity of words and thoughts, but inspiration gives palpitantion and trepidation, and fear, and awe. Those who have heard Mr. Raleigh will, in the frequent half-broken hesitancy, which seems sometimes to fracture a sentence,—a sort of half-forgetfulness, or waiting lest the right word should slip away, (usually a specially happy and adjusting one,) will understand the relation of these remarks to him. It is so usually with descriptive preachers; the mind of the preacher is waiting—he sees his picture; he is adding touch to touch; he is completing the picture. He is intense, and how many men have earnest natures who have not intense natures. The one says and does forcible things; the other says and does piercing, searching things; the first is most in the blood, the last is most in the conscience. This is the faculty of Peter, to whom it was given to “prick men “to the heart,” when he spoke.

True success is only gained, says M. Guizot, “by sympathy, or “by its counterfeit;” but by this the preacher rises to more than information, statement, or even persuasion. By the education of sympathy, or experience, the preacher learns the power of particular truths as adaptations to particular wants. This is what should be called practical preaching. A preacher may appeal in any measure to *the judgment*, *the pure reason*, the recognised principles of truth; men hear, but this does not affect: and the *statement of a fact*, unless it be made personally interesting, is not effective on the life; and then *the imagination*, but this also may be very cold; this charms, however, and interests, still not so large a class as the judgment, the reason; but if the preacher speaks by *analogy* he cannot speak too often, and analogy stands midway between the pure reason and imagination, and some have thought it one with the argument. But *the affections*, these are a fountain of more tender interest, and it may be thought there should be some appeal to the affections in every sermon, but far more sparingly than the appeal to the imagination; and the preacher who speaks to the affections should be himself affected. But that which is most sacred is the region of the moral affections—*the conscience*. Conscience, that is the skin of the whole man; this should be touched rarely—touched delicately, cunningly, yet firmly, unhesitatingly, and touched only with the fingers of the preacher’s own conscience. The preacher must take care lest he hardens conscience by touching it, and must take care lest he hardens his own by touching it; it is a delicate thing, the preacher should reverence it, rouse it, leave it, then return to it again.

This is effective preaching. For effective preaching, there are, no doubt, some great helps and aids, but there are some departments of power for which there is little help—only reflection, the knowledge of our own nature, the consciousness, nay, the active consciousness which winds its way into the secret cell of our own being—this amplifies the preacher's power in dealing with others. For instance, every nature is accessible to remorse, and the preacher is to hold it as a canon, that every nature with which he comes in contact needs the grace of repentance; but in most instances, this can only result from a very active state of keenly awakened and intense internal sorrow; in any audience, there must be many in whom it is desirable to produce this emotion. Remorse is the trumpet calling to repentance. What a different affair this is to the mere preparation of sermons—a mere arrangement of divisions, a mere utterance of statements—to be so benevolently moved by the Holy Spirit, that the preacher makes it a matter of profound and affectionate study, how to awaken, or how to be certain that in a great many of those so apparently still and calm, who occupy a relation to the universe apparently so peaceful, there is that which proclaims all not right within—the mind may be in uproar and anguish—the mind is preying on itself. This is one of the businesses of the human soul in which the preacher has a very immediate and most intimate concern.

What, is the true preacher a Sacred Pathologist?—he lances the soul, “pricking the heart,” he deals with the insanity and the lunacy and the disease of the soul. How the physician studies—how closely the surgeon attends to the duties of his profession! How he studies the *Materia Medica*, the *Pharmacopœia*! How he practises the use of the knife, not the same medicine for every disease, not the same knife for every operation! May we not suspect that congregations and churches would be in a different state had ministers as closely watched and studied the means of dealing with souls? We do not plead for the unhallowed lore of the confessional; but are souls therefore to be thrown from all but the most general statement the mere textuary of truth? Why preach if the Word is not to be medicated, appropriated, and applied? If therefore remorse is awakened, it is that it may lead to repentance. These are the precursors of conversion; only it is also disastrous when the minister has, as is often the case, a number of cases on his hands he knows not what to do with. He has roused what he cannot quell—and then what can he do but hand again over to indifference or to despair those within whom he has stirred the slumbering conscience. It is quite possible even from the pulpit to startle devils which the preacher is quite incompetent to

allay or to control. How often, amazed, the modern preacher exclaims, "Why could not we cast him out?"

These remarks suggest at once, How the Pulpit provides for the soul a quiet resting-place, and how it is that frequently the soul is disappointed of the rest it might expect to find there. And these remarks also grow out of the impression that Mr. Raleigh seeks to bring a lenitive to the conscience. He searches it, but he soothes it; and the volume before us is as restful to the spirit as anything we have for a long time read. People desire the publication of sermons, but their form usually prevents their being read with much pleasure. Mr. Raleigh well and most happily says:—"he knows how much there is in a sermon "which cannot be published. If it is true it is a 'building of "God' for the time not 'made with hands,' and neither hands "nor pens can preserve it. 'The grace of the fashion of it "perisheth,' or survives only in the memory and the life of the "hearer. The elastic obedient words seem cool and hardened on "the printed page." All this has been felt to be true a thousand times, but in these sermons there is much that is very fresh and so human that they will be quite as acceptable to the parlour as they have already been to the pew. Sometimes the voice of the preacher is indeed very audible, but usually there is in every sermon delightful Sabbath reading. Take the following extract as an illustration of this double power from the text, "My grace is sufficient *for thee*," &c., &c. :—

Let us make just one more application of this text, and see how the softening shadow of it will come over *the soul that is in trouble*.

But *what* picture shall we take from among the children and the scenes of sorrow? In a suffering world like this, where the sufferers are so many and the sorrows are so various, it may seem almost a species of favouritism to select one, or even one of a class, for special human sympathy, or as the object of any peculiar grace of God.

Shall we take the man with the sunny face, the voluble tongue, the ready, helpful hand, who yet at times has a sorrow like death weighing on his heart? Or shall we take the physical sufferer, who in sheer pain, that has continued for long, and is not likely to depart until the spirit does, will have suffered a thousand deaths, as to pain, before death comes? I remember travelling once in a railway carriage opposite to a gentleman who, at the first glance, seemed well, but who, to a deeper view, shewed suffering on every feature of his face; and sometimes as the carriage rounded the curves of the line and became unsteady, a low moan of anguish would escape involuntarily from his lips. Yet the man was going about his business. It is some years since I saw him, but he may be living and suffering still. If so, I hope he knows and draws from the grace of Christ, which is sufficient for him. Or shall we take the widow in her weeds of woe, with a heart in tears all day long, hardly ceasing from its grieving even in sleep? Or the children at

their evening prayer, saddened, and thrown into a child's perplexity, by the thought of *two* fathers in heaven? Or the widow who never wore the weeds of woe, but who has gone through the bitterness of death as the victim of an unfaithful love? Or the bankrupt who retains his integrity, but endures a thousand slights and disadvantages because he has lost his money and his place? Or shall we take any of those sensitive, shrinking souls, which seem to have *been made* for suffering—who, at any rate, have a special faculty of *making* or extracting it from the whole of this human life? Or shall we enter, with silent footstep and hushed breath, one of those rooms (and there are a thousand such around us in this great city, which shews us nothing but its splendours, and lets us hear nothing but the roar of its life), where suffering is deepening and dropping into the arms of death?

We had better *not* select. Let every sufferer, whether by the body, or by the mind, or by the circumstances, hear for himself, and gauge all his trouble while he hears; then let him apply the sure word of promise to its lengths and breadths, and depths and heights; then let him carry it home to the aged, the sick, the feeble, and to all whom it may concern, as the word of a God who cannot lie, as the assurance of a Saviour who cannot but pity and help, as a title to a legacy of which they are all made heirs if they will only claim and inherit, as a shelter for every path, an assuagement for every sorrow, a canopy for every sufferer's bed, a sweet soul-secret for life and for death to every trusting soul, however troubled—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

"For thee." If you lose the personal application, you lose all. It is for *thee*. I would that you would now enter into your closet—you may do so even here in an act of faith—and that you would shut to the door, enclosing only the text and "*thee*." This text is not for a world, but for a man. There are some texts which are first for a world and then for a man. This is first for a man and then for a world. "Sufficient for thee." For thee, young pilgrim, in the first pauses of thy celestial way! For thee, strong runner, wearied now, and fainting on the midway plain! For thee, tempted spirit, struggling in the network of circumstance, and watching for the saving providence, and the delivering hour! For thee, sufferer in any way, by pain, or loss, or change, or death! And for thee, whom our voice cannot reach—may God the revealer of secrets tell it to thee, thou dying one, already half away, and may thy soul, composed in its deep consolations, and borne up by its immortal strength, have safe passage thus, as in the very arms of the grace, into His presence whose grace it is!

"For thee." I say again *for thee*. Whoever thou art, "for thee." It is for thee now to change the pronoun and say, with a wonderful grateful heart—"For *me*. To-day, and every day, from this time forth, and even for evermore, for me; his grace is sufficient for me." AMEN.

Thus the reader will perceive there is in the volume a sustained and quiet beauty of style, and when we speak of the pages as frequently artless, we do so as knowing that the

preacher was all the time feeling the pulse of his congregation—in his study has his eye on many a pew, and watches in spirit the effect of every word. There must have been a long habituation of watchfulness and skill in the moral value of sentences before that ease which perhaps is possessed now could be the gift of the writer. There are sudden touches of feeling—there are words starting round the corners of the pages unawares that compel the tears involuntarily to the eyes. The fancy is more free in the following quotation than in most of the discourses. But some of those tones of feeling we have mentioned are heard all along, and deepen towards the close. It is from the sermon—*Life as a Structure*:—

There is a time given to finish the work.—And when the limit of that time shall come, not one stone more can be laid by the builder, not one touch more given to the edifice in any of its parts before the trial. “I must work the work of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.” And no man can tell *when* the night shall come in any particular instance. Of course we have the general laws and probabilities of life. God means us to know these laws and probabilities, and he means us to guide ourselves by them as far as we can. But, clear above them all, he holds his own sovereignty, and tells us as we work to look at that. His are “the times and seasons,” the fountains of life, and “the issues from death.” He alone commands and ordains the “time to be born” and the “time to die.” Those times are not alike in any two instances. In this, as in so many other points of his moral administration in this world, there is the greatest possible diversity; and *mystery* as well, so profound that our intelligence is utterly incompetent to solve it. There is not a man out of heaven who could tell us with any certainty all the reasons of an infant’s death, all the reasons of an old man’s life on into second infancy. Philosophers and new-school Christians will make a little prattle about the natural laws. But all that we can be told about the natural laws hardly touches the moral mysteries; and, with all these mysteries hanging over human life, and darkening into impenetrable gloom, if we try to discover the exact period of its close, it is a wonderful relief that every one who is working rightly can look up to the great ruler and arbiter of life, and say in humble trust, “My times are in thy hands.”

Look at the tombstones in a grave-yard. You will see every age recorded there, from the infant of days to the sinner or the saint an hundred years old. Remember, as you read, that every name recorded (and what myriads are mouldering in the dust with *no* record above ground) is the name of a builder who, in the day given to him, began and finished a building that will be tried by fire; and then look up and be thankful for that unerring providence which settled birth and death for each so wisely and so justly that, if they were all to live again, the birth-day and burial-day for each would be exactly the same.

Here is a stone that tells that an infant was born, and, after wrestling with mortality for but a few days, died and was buried. And it may seem as though the soul of that infant had but fluttered across the atmosphere of this world without alighting here, as, looking from your window, you sometimes see a dove flash across the sky. Depend upon it, that little history was the building of a temple, and when it was finished the angels carried it away.

Here is a stone that marks the resting-place of one who was a little worker. He had just begun to work. He had thought of God as the great Father of the world. He had looked to Jesus the good Shepherd. He had begun to feel a strange power in the cross, which was drawing him away from sin and from little selfish ways, and filling his heart with the purpose to live to Christ all his days. These mere shapings and scantlings of work there were—a *little* serious thought, a little faith, a fluttering of love in the breast, some tiny steps of following after the great Master: nothing, as some would say, to make a finished life—mere shapings and young endeavours after higher things—somewhat like the houses you see children building on the sand. You are far mistaken. That little workman will never need to be ashamed. In his simple faith he found the Rock of Ages. In his wondering love he soared upwards to the fatherhood of God, and, when the home-call reached him, he was ready, he had finished a temple-life.

This is a maiden's name. She was young, she was fair, she was looking to the altar and the bridal-day, and lo, death came unbidden, but not to her unwelcome, for he led her up to the higher espousals of heaven. Father and mother and sorrowing lover think of the nipping of the flower, and they have written on the stone that "that her sun went down while it was yet day." But there are other writings there which they see not. The angels have written "*eventide*;" the Saviour has written "*finished*."

Here lies a merchant who was in the high noon of life and in the full stretch of his powers. He was not only gaining wealth, but spreading it among others. His name was a synonym for truth and justice and honour—and all around these are the *beginnings* he had made. Nothing was finished. Yes, *all* is finished, and he lies here.

And now we come to the grave of the old pilgrim who remained lingering here long after those who loved him dearly, and venerated every hair of his grey head, would have been glad for his own sake to see him go home. The shock of corn seemed *more* than ripe—the grain was dropping on the ground. He was blind, he was deaf, he was in pain, he was as helpless as a child. Would it not have been better that he had gone some years sooner? No, no. It was the right time. It was *his* eventide. He needed all his days to finish the temple, and all his experiences—the blindness and the deafness and the pain, and the sweet simplicities of the second childhood—he needed all. And even the infirmities of temper, it may be, as well as of body, which mingled with his last experiences, were in some way *used* by him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, for the completing of his own gracious work. I say we cannot be too thankful that, amid all the diversities and uncertainties and mysteries of this life, affecting its

beginning, its progress, and its close, we can look up while we build to that wise and loving providence which presides over all. And we cannot too often or too seriously remember that the great Master of that providence holds *our* life fully, constantly in his hands, and will never give it into ours. He will never tell us *when* our work is to end; and its recompense is to come. But he tells us this, that we *are building* day by day. He tells us that, while recognising the *uncertainty* which to us hangs around the times and the seasons, we ought even more earnestly to recognise the great *certainly* of a continuous and accumulating moral life. Day by day, hour by hour, the work goes on—well or ill—to his praise or to his shame. We must build. We are building. We are very apt sometimes to think that we have done nothing, and that that is the worst of it. That is *not* the worst of it. The worst of it is that *we have* done something very poor or very ill. I come home at night, and say, with sad relenting, as the shadows of reflection deepen around me, “I have done nothing at the great building to-day!” O yes, but I have. I have been putting in “the wood, the hay, the stubble,” where “the silver and the gold and the precious stones; should have been. I have been piling up fuel for the last fires in my own life. I cannot be a cipher even for one day. I must be a man. Nay, I must be a Christian man, faithful or unfaithful. I must grow, and build, and work, and live in some way. Oh, then, let me see that I live for Christ, that I grow into his image, and that I grow into his image, and that I work a work in the moral construction of my own life which angels will crown and God will bless.

One of the first things which will strike the reader of these sermons is their natural symmetry. The architecture of the Congregational sermon has undergone, during the last half century, as much change as have the buildings in which they were delivered. The sermons of the Church of England, for the most part, hold on the same routine, but the sermons of the Congregational pulpit have undergone a marked change, and the change has been improvement; the method of these sermons is not textual; the symmetry is not always of the order of the scaffold, we do not see it; it is like the symmetry of a tree, it is hidden by the foliage, but then we know that the symmetry is there by the foliage. We always desire, in criticism, to admire the excellence of the method present, rather than to utter depreciations over the method absent. Mr. Raleigh is not logical in his method; he does not throw out from his text the coil of thought; his purpose, is as we have seen, is emotional, and thought is calm and quiet with him. He labours at no prolonged illustrations, never overwhelms his hearers with the dazzling brilliancy of rhetorical colour, by touch on touch; he achieves his end by sustained, and coherent, but yet rapid movements, and calls upon the doors of many hearts he accomplishes all. His genius is reflective, and meditative, and the symmetry therefore

in harmony with this; it suggests a recurrence to Mr. Boyd's well-known paper "Concerning the art of putting things," certainly an art much needing study in the study of sermon-making. We have met with no sermons lately in our own language, so reminding us of the touching and beautiful sermons of Herman Hooker, of Boston, in the United States,—a very happy illustration of this symmetry of which we have spoken, this beautiful organic symmetry, we have in the sermon on the 'Kingdom and the Keys,' "Fear not; I am he that liveth and was "dead;" &c., &c. The quotation is lengthy, but it shall be given:—

"FEAR NOT" for thyself. I will wash thee thoroughly from thine iniquities, and cleanse thee from thy sins, create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee, give thee the joys of my salvation, and uphold thee with my free spirit. I will console thee in trouble, strengthen thee for duty, open a way for thee amid life's perplexities, pitch thy tent in safe places, and be around thy tabernacle with my sheltering presence until it is taken down, and thou art called to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thy path may seem rugged and cheerless; but it is open and onward; and I will pass with thee myself along all its length, nor leave thee in the shades which hang over its close. I will be with thee in the dark valley to support thy trembling steps with my rod and staff; I will softly unlock the awful door, and usher thee into Hades, where a thousand sights of beauty will fill thy delighted eye, and a thousand voices of welcome will hail thy coming.

"*Fear not*" for any among thy kindred and acquaintance of the same family of God. There is a shield over the head of each, a providence as watchful of every one as if that one alone were a dweller on the earth. When they pass through the waters they shall not overflow them, through the flame it shall not kindle upon them. While they live they are mine; "they live unto the Lord." When they die they are mine; "they die unto the Lord"—living and dying, they are the Lord's. Fear not with a slavish unfilial fear, for any whom thou lovest. They are dear to you, are they less dear to me? Thy brother is dead, but he will be alive again. Thy sister is lost, but she shall be found.

"*Fear not*," amid changes however startling, circumstances however unexpected; for I am not a mere watcher over a broken and lawless world, mending, and checking, and trying to save something from the wreck! I am the perfect ruler of a perfect providence, setting kings on their thrones and watching sparrows in their fall; preserving your mightiest interests, and numbering the hairs of your head!

Brethren, it is *this* "fear not," which often we most need to hear; we do not exercise ourselves in *great* matters—we can trust these to him, for we feel they are too high for us; but we do painfully exercise ourselves in lesser things as if we had the sole charge of them. We should not

for a moment presume to grasp the keys; but we do presume, in our thoughts, to dictate when and where, and how they shall be used. We strive, oftentimes almost unconsciously perhaps, to rearrange and re-ordain particular circumstances, and even whole scenes in our life and in the lives of others. And with a still more importunate and sorrowful eagerness do we seek to have some power in arranging for life's close. We would not dare to take the key of death into our own hand, but we would touch it while it lies in his. *Not now, or Not there, or Not thus*, we are always saying.

Not now, we say, when the father is called to leave the family of which he is the whole stay. "Let him live, let a few weeks elapse, let his family be provided for, let his work be done!" *It is done*, is the answer. His fatherless children *are* provided for; I have taught him to leave them with me. "The Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, is God in his holy habitation."

Not now, we say, when the mother has heard the home-call, and with a calmness and courage greater than those of the soldier in battle, is rising above all her cares, and becoming a child again, at the threshold of the heavenly home. Oh, not now! Who will check the waywardness, encourage the virtues, receive the confidences, soothe the little sorrows, and train the loves of those infant hearts? Who will teach the evening prayer, and listen to the Sabbath hymn? Who *can* give a mother's care to and feel a mother's love? I, saith the Shepherd, I will gather the lambs with mine arm, and carry them in *my* bosom. I will forget no prayer of the dying mother's heart. I will treasure in *my* heart the yearnings of her life over her children, and the unutterable compassions of her dying hour; and when many years have sped, and she has been long in heaven, these children will remember her in their holiest and happiest moments, and by their walk and their work will be proving that she did not live in vain, that she "*finished* the work that was given her to do."

Or, we say, "*Not there*," oh, not there! Away on the sea—a thousand miles from land—let him not die there, and be dropped into the unfathomed grave, where the unstable waves must be his only monument, and the winds the sole mourners of the place! Or not in some distant city or far-off land—strangers around his bed, strangers closing his eyes, and then carrying him to a stranger's grave. Let him come home and die amid the whisperings and breathings of the old unquenchable love. "He *is* going home," is the answer, and going by the best and only way. "I can open the gate beautiful in any part of the earth or sea. I can set up the mystic ladder, the top of which reaches to heaven, in the loneliest island, as the furthest ends of the earth, and your friends will flee to the shelter of *my* presence all the more fully because yours is far away."

Or, we say. "*Not thus*," not through such agonies of body, or faintings of spirit, or tremblings of faith—not in unconsciousness—not without dying testimonies. Let there be outward as well as inward peace. Let mention be made of thy goodness. Let there be foretellings and foreshewings of the glory to which, as we trust, they are going. Oh,

shed down the light, the fragraney of heaven, upon their dying bed! The answer is, "they are there, and you are so dull of sense that you perceive them not. Your friend is filled with the 'peace that passeth understanding,' and safe in the everlasting arms."

Thus, brethren, the *time*, and the *place*, and the *circumstances*, are all arranged by the wisdom and the will of him who holds the keys, and we could not, even if we had our own will and way, make anything better than it is in the perfect plan. Better! everything would be worse—inconceivably worse if *we* had the keys. Let us trust them, with a loyal loving trust, with him who graciously says to us "Fear not;" one who, in this as in all other things, will treat us and give to us according to our faith.

"Fear not." "The sinners in Zion *are* afraid; fearfulness surprises the hypocrites." It is in vain to say "Fear not" to one who has in his nature all the elements on which fear feeds and lives, a sinful conscience, an unloving heart. And the Saviour does not say "fear not" to any such. He says "Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, *for fear of the Lord*, and for the glory of his majesty." "Tremble, ye that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones." He says in effect, "Let your heart be troubled, also let it be afraid; ye do not believe in God, ye do not believe in me!"

We must lay down this volume, it cannot be less delightful than useful. We have quoted sufficiently to show that the reader will find, in almost any page, a quiet resting-place; in its short graphic pictures, and revealings of homes and hearts, in its pensive, but never merely sentimental stillness, in its, we had almost said, robust language, and its healthful views of life and religion. Such volumes are not hastily produced, but without doubt, we shall be spoken to by this author again.

VIII.

THE ARGUMENT FROM ANALOGY.*

THE appearance of Dr. Buchanan's volume is most timely; but we fear its value and intention will be greatly defeated by its bulk, even students will scarcely be able to spare the time for upwards of six hundred pages. It is in truth a most comprehensive document upon the subject it proposes to in-

**Analogy Considered as a Guide to Truth, and Applied as an Aid to Faith*; by James Buchanan, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, New College, Edinburgh, &c., &c. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

vestigate. Its method is encyclopædical and critical rather than original. It places the reader in possession of a vast amount of most interesting material; nothing upon the subject of the volume seems to have escaped the eye of the author; but he seems to spread his material out upon a table, rather than to grasp it in his hand. He discourses upon the value of analogy, this no one doubts, but he has not done so much towards the extension of the empire and the power of analogy, as an aid to Theistic and Christian Evidences. The distinctive excellence of the volume is that it marshals and puts in marching order a vast variety of particulars. We only fear that as the volume is likely to be of most use to younger students; they may be perplexed by the very wealth of reference, and quotations. The literature of Divine Analogy is of rare and great interest. The fame of the work of Butler has too much put out of sight, what had been done before; we have often thought again of directing our readers' attention to the Divine Analogy of Bishop Brown (1733), and the remarks upon the same subject in the Minute Philosopher of Bishop Berkeley. While Butler was maturing his own views, these works and others were emanating from the minds of authors, whose words and thoughts are still worthy of pondering, although the more famous work has so suggested, shall we say exhausted, the depths of the subject?

But does the well-known argument of Butler satisfy? James Martineau has, we know, ventured to express himself thus: "You have led me in your quest after analogies through the great infirmary of God's creation, and so haunted am I by the sights and sounds of the lazar house, that scarce can I believe in anything but pestilence; so sick of soul have I become, that the mountain breeze has lost its scent of health; and you say, it is all the same in the other world, and wherever the same rule extends: then I know my fate, that in this world justice has no throne. And thus, my friends, it comes to pass, that these reasoners often gain indeed their victory; but it is known only to the Searcher of Hearts, whether it is a victory against natural religion or in favour of revealed. For this reason I consider the Analogy of Bishop Butler (one of the profoundest of thinkers, and on purely moral subjects, one of the justest too), as containing with a design directly contrary, the most terrible persuasives to Atheism that have ever been produced. The essential error consists in selecting the difficulties, which are the rare exceptional phenomena of nature—as the basis of analogy and argument." There is a remarkable conversation recorded by Wilberforce with William Pitt. In which Pitt declared to Wilberforce, 'that Butler's work raised more doubts in his mind

that it answered.' And Sir James Macintosh is reported to have said of the Analogy, "This can only be an answer to Deists; "Atheists might make use of his objections and have done so." By another writer, Dr. Schedel, the argument of Butler has been characterised as 'the analogy of uncertainty,' and 'the analogy of mystery.' While Miss Hennell, a well-known extreme sceptical writer, has claimed the Analogy as an ally to Scepticism. Yet this is not the impression Butler produced upon the sceptics of his own day. David Hume, the great King of Sceptics of almost any age or nation, but especially of the later days, looked upon him with something of awe; mentions how anxious he was to have the Bishop's opinion upon some points in his treatise on *Human Nature*, before its publication, says in one of his letters, "I am at present cutting off its nobler parts—*i.e.*, endeavouring it shall give as little offence as possible, before, which I could not pretend to put it into the Doctor's hands. *This is a piece of cowardice for which I blame myself, though I believe none of my friends will blame me.*" Hume called on Butler, but did not see him; and some persons have speculated on what might have been, had Butler been within when Hume called—the sceptic might have been a believer. Miss Hennell has attempted to invalidate the argument of Butler also on personal grounds; but the character of Butler every way shines forth as the clearest; this profoundest of theologians was also the simplest of believers. The great sentiment of the analogy seems to have been ever present with him, giving animation to all its thought. "He looked to Christ as "a poor sinner," he said, "for salvation." And one of the most interesting anecdotes is of his walking in the garden with his chaplain, Dr. Forster, stopping short and turning round, a way he appears to have had, and with great earnestness saying, "I was thinking, Doctor, what an awful thing it is for a human being to stand before the great Moral Governor of the world, and to give an account of all his actions in this life."

We may well, however, as this is the state of the argument, desire to see the argument of analogy fairly expounded, and its extent and limitations defined; for there is a tendency to undue extension of analogy, as when Hegel affirms, "that as in the doctrine of the Trinity, the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, represent the infinite and the finite, and the union of the two, their identity first, then their distinction, and their return to identity; so the doctrine of the Incarnation has a meaning no less philosophical," &c., &c., &c. We may well be jealous of any attempts to establish the doctrine of the Trinity upon a rational basis, chiefly by means of certain natural analogies

supplied by the consciousness of the human mind; there are casuistical, jesuitical, and refining sceptics, as well as believers and theologians, and we believe it is from such hands, perhaps on both sides, the argument of analogy, and Butler's argument in particular, has suffered wrong; the application of the argument needs a broad and honest mind, a mind not so much allured by certain prettinesses and fanciful resemblances, as able to group and to grasp its comparisons, and, so rise from them to independent judgment and generalization. Thus it is that analogy has been in so many and quite countless instances, the prompter and the guide of life; this is the translation of Butler's very modest and most pregnant starting-point in reasoning, this is his point of view, the likelihood of the truth of the Christian system. He started from this singularly modest beginning—"It is not so clear that there is nothing in it." The character of modern infidelity has quite changed since Butler's day. His book was written in reply to the elegant Deism of his times. A course of nature was granted, an author of nature was admitted; the form of modern sophistry has changed, a course of nature is admitted, but not an author. How is the modern dream of Pantheism to be broken? Will analogy serve for the waking? If we think, then, we should think in order; the greatest danger in modern thought, is its inconsecutive, and scattered, and informative character; but, alas! that which is inconsecutive in thought, is not therefore inconsequential. Thus, analogy itself may be like any other law of thought, a dangerous guide; the use of analogy is not to be denied, it is invaluable, invaluable as speech, it is the inner speech of the soul, it is the power by which the soul realises and expresses itself. All the discoveries in the world,—in mechanics, in science, seem to have been happy guesses, reasonings from analogy; Harvey, and the circulation of the blood; Columbus, and the discovery of America; Newton, and his system of the universe; Stephenson, and the principle of the locomotives. Biography is full of such instances, "It may be almost said, "without qualification," said Archbishop Whately, "that wisdom consists in the ready and accurate perception of analogies;" and Archbishop Thompson says, "This power of divination, this sagacity which is the mother of all science, we may call anticipation. *The intellect, with a dog-like instinct, will not hunt until it has found the scent; it must have some presage of the result before it will turn its energies to its attainment.*" This analogy is an instinct of thought, the poet and the metaphysician; Tennyson, and Bishop Berkeley, meet together in their statement of this, when the one says:—

‘Thought leapt out to wed with thought,
Ere thought leapt out to wed with speech.’

And the other says, “an idea which, considered in itself, is particular, becomes general by being made to *represent* or stand for “all other particular ideas of the same sort,” this, in fact, analogy and the statement of the law of analogy. Now, how is this power in man to be used by the religious teacher, man being unable to think or act intelligently without the use of analogy? Does it aid the entrance into, and the dealing with, the higher facts of the universe—the universe and its author; is it a light?—may it be made yet more a light for the exploring the kingdom of moral relations. It has been finely said by Robert Boyle, “that revelation may be to reason what the telescope is to the “eye;” but the telescope needs fixing, needs some skill in using. God gives nothing—neither a hand, foot, or spade that does not need education for useful exercise. The very charm of analogy may lead to its being misused. Experience is a powerful teacher, because experience is only another name for induction or moral analogy; hence man should be taught to construct his moral science for himself upon the basis of Scripture and experience; and Dr. Buchanan well says, “one or two instances clearly “discerned and intelligently applied by the exercise of a man’s “own mind will be of more practical avail than a hundred “examples presented on paper, and read, but not followed up “by reflection.” It is very clear that Scripture, in the appeal it makes to the understanding of man, rests strongly on this instinct of analogy—“*the invisible things of Him are clearly “seen, even his eternal power and Godhead.*” Thus the sin of idolatry is condemned. Forasmuch then as “we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is “*like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art and man’s “device.*” Dr. Whately has very directly traced our knowledge of the properties of man to our knowledge of the perfections of God—the showing that the proof of a being possessed of them is, in fact, the very same evidence on which we believe in the existence of one another. *How do we know that men exist* that is not beings having a certain visible bodily form, for that is not what we chiefly imply by the word man, but rational agents such as we call men? Surely not by the immediate evidence of our senses, since mind is not an object of sight, but by observing the things performed—the manifest result of rational contrivance. If we land in a strange country doubting whether it be inhabited, as soon as we find, for instance, a boat or a house we are as perfectly certain that a man has been there as if he appeared before our eyes. Now we are surrounded with similar proofs that there is a God. In the same manner of

argument from analogy, we have recently read a paper by Professor Hitchcock in the 'Bibliotheca Sacra,' "On the Law of "Nature's Constancy as Subordinate to the Higher Law of "Change,"—truly a most pregnant subject of thought—for if natural changes are consistent with fixed laws, they are no less consistent with perturbations which seem to shock and threaten the stability of the whole system. From the time of Paley to this, frequent references have been made to the ceaseless disturbances upon the regularity and permanency of the celestial motions; but so far from disturbing, they secure the permanence perhaps of a whole Zodiac—the fallibility of a system secures eternal stability. What an endless lesson this reads us. The analogy of nature leads us through all her works to believe that the principle of change which has been hitherto mightier than any other in the government and preservation of the universe, and in promoting its happiness, has its moral analogies, and that it may furnish some light as to the dealing of God, not only with the kingdoms of matter, but also with the kingdom of souls. It is the modern fashion to declare that this poor sort of argument is overlooked, that the apparent manifestation of design is no proof of "the manifold wisdom of God," that living infinite consciousness which we call God has been dethroned by the mighty modern thinkers.

"With deep intuition and mystic rite
We worship the Absolute Infinite;
The universe Ego, the Plenery void;
The subject—object identified;
The nothing something, the Being Thought,
That mouldeth the mass of chaotic thought;
Whose beginning unended and end unbegun
Is the One that is All, and the All that is One.
The great totality of everything
That never is, but ever doth become."

Perhaps to attempt to shiver this Pantheistic gibberish by any serious appeal to argument would be vain work. Mr. Mansell, in his effort to do this has been thought to be not a very serviceable ally to the cause of faith. Perhaps "the great power "of God" will never nerve with supreme and almighty force the arm wielding the brightest sword from the armoury of the human understanding; but if the constitution of nature is to be augured from as a *Divine intention*, as well as existence, it will be by illustrations from the wide field of analogy; indeed, this form of argument might, we believe, be most successfully and triumphantly applied to the utterly wild and most baseless "absolutisms" of Hegel and Compt, and it would be very interesting to ask those gentlemen who look shudderingly and

disdainfully on the doctrine of analogy, what they think of that lawless departure from it,—that cheerless voyaging in the phantom ship of abstract timbers of the good ship *Nothing*, to the Continent of *Nowhere*! No doubt the nature within the man determines the character of his moral analogies, as it has been well said, “the wolf, when he was learning to read, could make “nothing out of the letters but lamb, whatever other words “they might form,” and the clearest and purest light will burn but in certain atmospheres. The Scripture theory presumes an understanding purified and prepared for a clear, and holy, and correct judgment. The exercise of analogy is indeed to be prized as an inestimable weapon; it is valuable and available not only for the almost negative purposes we have indicated—important as these are—it is valuable in all the parts of the building of the Christian system and the Christian life. “Our “Lord regarded all nature as a symbol, whose more literal “meaning had a spiritual application. Hence, he spoke of “knowledge, under the name of light; of spiritual renovation, as “birth; of faith, as mental eyesight; of the Spirit’s agency, as “similar to the influence of the unseen wind.” Visions, and symbols, types and parables, symbolical objects and symbolical actions abound in the Scriptures of Truth—a great scheme of representationalism opens to the eye. “These things were our “examples,” Hence, if Lord Bacon could say, “We must “observe resemblances and analogies, they unite nature and lay “the foundation of the sciences,” we may say, we must observe resemblances and analogies, they unite nature and Scripture, and lay the foundation, broad and unshakeable, of rational and faithful religion, and, in a higher sense than that which Newton wrought, the physics of the earth, become the means of exploring and understanding the mysteries of the heavens.

We are glad therefore of any help towards trimming this lamp, and making more bright, and pure, and clear the teachings of analogy. And we thank Dr. Buchanan for his compendious and comprehensive volume; it does very much for the reader, in opening up the whole literature of the question, and will, we believe, be very useful as a hone to sharpen intelligences, and to make more vivid, perceptions for the noting the system, natural and moral, beneath which we live. It is almost useless, we fear, to hope for such a book a very extended sale, but we may naturally hope, the industrious author will be cheered by another kind of remuneration—the awakening minds to the study of the highest order of the Christian evidences, and the satisfactory persuasion of the human understanding, that there is not only no discrepancy, but wondrous harmony between the works and the

Word of God, and that both are united in the essential Divine reason of things.

IX.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

A VERY noble attempt to treat the fifteenth Chapter of the Corinthians as an isolated, and in Scottish phraseology, a self-contained structure, is *Life in a Risen Saviour; an Exposition of the Argument of the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians*. By Robert S. Candlish, D.D. Third Edition, carefully revised, (Adam and Charles Black.) We like occasionally to receive some illustration of close and profound thought. Looking at one chapter, the finding in it the full and finished proportions of Christian truth—it is at once delightful, and most instructive to find how many chapters are thus complete in themselves, but few have a higher order of architecture, a more distinctly and thoughtfully embodied majesty, than the chapter of which this book is the exposition. We are glad to find it in print again. We hope it will never be out of print; for the students and the ministers' shelf it stirs valuable suggestions and modes of teaching. For the thoughtful Christian it brings precious treasure to the judgment and the mind, and there are many passages which may be read over the coffin, till the eye glistens with infinite assurances and expectations.

THE life and power and magic of labour is well set forth in *Industrial Biography: Iron Workers and Tool Makers*. By Samuel Smiles, Author of *Lives of the Engineers*. (John Murray.) This very interesting and stimulating book places as a text on the titlepage, from which it may be supposed to speak the frequent well-known aphorism of Thomas Carlyle, "The true epic of our times is not arms and the man," but tools and the man, it is a volume devoted to the lives and achievements of the chief captains and soldiers of industry. The history of the iron kings; the rise and progress of the illustrious dynasty of smiths there is no sleep in the book. The ring of anvils, and the roars of furnaces and looms sounds on the ear from beginning to end. A youth will find all his mental appetite excited from page to page, as he finds brought before him the glorious combinations of brain and hand, still we regard the volume as a pleasant instalment, rather than a complete work. The kingdoms of coal and iron too much cast into the shade other industries—gardeners and shoemakers, farmers and builders—

but the achievements of these have not the vast cartoon-like proportions of the iron-workers, but let us not be unjust to one order of muscle and mind, while admiring another. It is, however, a capital sterling book, principally it must be said referring to the black country and tall chimneys.

WHAT MAGAZINE SHALL WE TAKE IN? This is the season when this question is usually asked, then the settlement of the question should be prefaced by another. What do we want our magazines to be to us, for Sabbath afternoon reading in Christian families? We believe the best published are the *Christian Treasury*. (Johnstone and Hunter)—and the *Family Treasury*, edited by the Rev. Andrew Cameron. (Thomas Nelson and Sons.) These are among the most easy and edifying miscellanies we know, just fitted for those who do not want very long essays, but a variety of short cheerful words. Parable, poem, sermon, extracts too, from current passing books, chiefly biography; nor do the two periodicals clash in each other's way; the family taking in both will not have too much of a good thing. The *Christian Treasury* illuminates its volume with preraphaelitish engravings, not much to our taste, it shows a love of old books and judicious selections, short but apt, from many of the best of them. The *Family Treasury* has secured to itself the lively and human pen of the author of the "*Chronicles of the Schonberg Colta Family*." We give our good wishes and thanks in equal proportions to both—both books are happy illustrations of the art of editing for family purposes; for reading aloud short unwearing matters, and for supplying pabulum and material to parents and others, who wish to be apt to teach.

WE are glad to have in an accessible reading library form, *The Chronicles of the Schonberg Colta Family*. By the Author of the *Christian Life in Song*, '*The Three Wakings*.' (T. Nelson and Sons.) This delightful book ought to have a very wide circulation, it is very pleasant to have the life of the old German reformers set forth in such a manner: the immortal Luther and his comrades; life in old German towns, in convents and churches; the preaching, praying, and printing of those first days of the light for the people. The translation of some of the old Latin hymns is very sweet, and among the sweetest, a quite new version of some of the verses of Jerusalem the Golden. The present form of publication is very popular, and the edition cheap, but we should be glad to see it yet in a form more worthy of its merits; and in that case, it would be well to append some notes, summing in a few lines the biography of several of the characters mentioned, or an elucidation of the

books or incidents referred to, this would give the authenticity of history to the very charming narrative.

INTERESTING, especially to theological students, are two volumes we have received, *Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament*. By J. H. Kurtz, D.D. Translated by James Martin, B.A. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.) This is a very close analysis, critical of course, scholarly rather than philosophical or practical. Also an instalment of the history of the Christian church, from the Reformation to the present time, from the German of J. H. Kurtz, D.D. This is a volume devoted entirely to the more internal history of the Church, the history teachers' speculation books, dogmas, opinions, and notions, and as a finger-post to the student it will be invaluable; nor will any be likely to read it, who do not carry with them in the perusal, vigilance in the following up the inferences of the author, and in many matters the reader will find himself at issue with the writer, without at all doubting the general value of the ground over which such extensive reading conducts him.

AT the same time, we must give again our most cordial good word, to *the Cottager in Town and Country* (Religious Tract Society.) No paper more thoroughly vindicates its title, and we know nothing in this form more admirably suited to the cottage fireside. There is a bright cheerful light about its wood engravings, and few persons who live beneath the cottage roof, will find themselves left out of the Editor's thought. All the pieces are short, and while they serve the purpose of pointing useful or religious lessons; they are written in a very lively and attractive style. The 'Cottager' is the best of all the tracts the Tract Society now publishes.

THE Religious Tract Society, which provides for all the varieties of book-life, has published, *English Poetry of the Olden Time: collected and arranged by the Rev. L. B. White, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Aldermary*. This is a very elegant volume for the drawing-room table. Most of its engravings have a very pleasant character; though some ought not to have passed uncondemned. "The mighty lion, lord of all the wood," is a very ludicrous-looking fellow, and to some two or three others we also should take exception. Most of them, however, have the refreshing character we look for in such a volume. The selections are, on the whole, good. We may presume these, however, to have had a very principal reference to the illustrations intended to accompany them. We may add that this volume, while equal in attractiveness, and setting forth to the average of such volumes, is only half their usual price.

AMONGST books for young folks, which will receive a very hearty welcome, we must not forget *Fireside Chats with the Youngsters*, by Old Merry (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder). Whoever Old Merry may be, he has a very happy, pleasant, cheerful way of looking at things and putting things. Old Merry has a good deal of the character of Old Humphrey. These papers have been reprinted from The Teacher's Offering, and they are very nice, taking papers either for young folks to read, or to read to young folks; papers about fairies, about giants, about boys without heads, and boys without hearts, about building castles in the air, about shams, about cowardly custard, and about Jerry Sneak, &c., &c. Sometimes we think good Old Merry in attempting to be amusing becomes rather silly; but his intentions are always good, and our sympathies always go rather with a cheerful heart that springs out into the midst of the company, endeavouring to create for young people innocent mirth, rather than with the grim body who sits in the chimney corner in self-consciousness and mopes.

A VERY pleasant story, reminding us a little of *I've been Thinking*, is *Busy Hands and Patient Hearts; or, The Blind Boy of Dresden and his Friends: translated from the German by Gustave Neiritz* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder). It is a story lightly and easily told, of the pains of poverty, and what patience, piety, and perseverance may accomplish in overcoming.

WE have already devoted some space in another article, this month, to the fascinating question of Folk-Lore. We are pleased to call attention to the beautiful new edition of Gammer Grethel. *German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, as told by Gammer Grethel, translated from the collection of MM. Grimm, by Edgar Taylor, with illustrations from designs by George Cruikshank and Ludwig Grimm.* (H. G. Bohn). Mr. Bohn has included this volume in his illustrated library. The preface furnishes a very interesting appendix to the remarks we have already offered on the 'Unity of the Popular Tale,' and in addition to the illustrations of the stories, contains a portrait of Gammer Grethel, who, it seems, was a real body, the wife of a peasant in the neighbourhood of Hesse-Cassel. Her real name was Frau Vichmannim. From her lips, the Grimms wrote down a large portion of their stories. In the volume before us, we have Grimm condensed and perhaps even much more readable, and it furnishes a glorious addition to the libraries of those parents who believe with Voltaire

"That error too
Hath its charms, nor small, nor few."

The Congregational Topic.

X.

THE WORK AND THE WANTS OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

CIRCUMSTANCES around us and in our midst do very plainly indicate that Congregationalism has reached a period in its history the most momentous and critical ever since it has had an existence or power. We have frequently expressed our conviction, that our future success can only be guaranteed to us by a most guarded, and careful, and even painful walking. We called especial attention to some of these circumstances a few months since, in our article entitled "Congre-

gationalism upon its Trial ;" even since then our emergencies, we had even said jeopardies, have increased. Congregationalism is becoming more and more the sheet-anchor of hope for the religious life of the country. The Church of England, we may certainly say it with respect, and not unmingled with grief, is becoming more and more a church in an uproar; and her various diocesan relations and conflicts of opinion present a state of things not unlike that presented at the Church Congress* recently

*"As we are aware," says the *Daily News*, "no meeting hitherto called in this country for a religious purpose, at all events no meeting confined to the members of one community, has been so marked by disorder and uproar as this Congress. Tumultuous cries, reproaches, recriminations, and unseemly interruptions have marked every day's proceedings." This is the way the discussions were carried on:—The Rev. Alexander Watson spoke on the subject of Church Architecture, and was obliged to sit down from "interruption." The Rev. Joseph Bardsley, who followed, was also "interrupted." Canon Stowell, in reading his paper on the Training of Ministers, was, we are told by the *Times*, "loudly interrupted by alternate cheers and hisses," while an allusion to the Act of Uniformity was met by "cries of 'No!' and great uproar." The meeting ultimately "shouted" the Canon down.

Then there followed another scene. Archdeacon Denison came on the field, and had just spoken one sentence, when the clergy of the "Church of deportment" indulged themselves in "hisses and whistling." Next there were "Oh, oh's!" "hisses and stamping," "renewed interruptions," "general commotion," "cries of 'Shame!'" and "intense uproar." After this came "a storm of hisses," "shouted commands to 'sit down,'" "renewed cries of 'Shame!'" violent gesticulations of "one or two reverend gentlemen," and finally, "great uproar for several minutes." This was in the brief debate on the supply of ministers. Mr. Akroyd shared no better; but, "like most of his predecessors, was cried down before his paper was concluded." Canon M'Neile also partook in a scene which elicited "interruption," "renewed interruption, and cries of Chair," and lastly, "boisterous cheering." And so the Church Congress

held in Manchester, which, in our minds, stands forth as much more remarkable for boisterous shouting, indiscreet noises, interruptions of papers and speakers, and summary puttings-down of men amongst the most eminent of all parties in the Church, from Archdeacon Denison to Canon McNeile, than for any practical good which it seems to have effected. We believe that to the principle of Congregationalism the pious and cultivated mind of the country will more and more revert. To a large degree, the Church of England has come over to this action; the most useful of its agencies may be described as a kind of Congregational churches. The State, indeed, lays its little finger upon them, but they have a large amount of independent action, and are compelled to cultivate the system of voluntaryism for their sustenance. Now, upon the tactics adopted by the more stirring and faithful minds among us depend our power to turn the state of things in the country to account, for the promotion of freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, and the dissemination of those principles of Divine truth, which are at once the life of souls and of nations. Congregationalists have a work which is especially their own, and it should be a duty to inquire, what, in the present hour, that work is? and what are the wants for its better performance?

behaved. "What an admirable example," observes the *Nonconformist*,

1. And first, our belief is, that *Congregationalism*, especially in this country, *exists for the assertion of the great principle that the church of Christ is not an Ecclesiasticism*. Not an Ecclesiasticism, that is, in the sense in which that word has been generally used. The battle is becoming closer and closer, hotter and hotter day by day, between sacramentarian principles and the principles of the New Testament truth; and the great refuge from the first, which always means the enslavement and prostration of human intelligence, will be in the maintenance of the independence of the churches. The first action and life of Congregationalism in this country was a protest against the assumptions of ecclesiastics, and, with more or less vehemence and earnestness, it has lifted up its voice to the same end and for the same purpose to the present hour. Even among ourselves and our ministers there will be found, no doubt, considerable difference of sentiment as to the character of the ministerial office, and some such difference connected with church-government; but there can be no difference as to what really constitutes a church; and it becomes now increasingly necessary, in the recognition of the various minds in our midst, and the variety of ministrations, and the modifications of spiritual want, that it should be seen that expediencies, which may become neces-

"to set to the Dissenters and 'infidels' of Manchester!"

sities to individuals, are left altogether free to individuals, and to individual churches to discuss, choose, select, or reject. "And this is dissent," exclaims Mr. Binney. "It is a stand—not merely for the claims of Scripture and the supremacy of Christ—not merely for the liberty of all to consult His will, and to follow their convictions, and thus to render to Him a reasonable service—but it is a stand for the recognition of all as Christian brethren 'who hold the Head;' it is a stand for mutual indulgence to secondary differences, grounded on agreement in what is supreme; it is a stand for substantial and visible unity, by being a stand for universal Christian communion—for the unrestricted intercourse of ministers and churches in spite of the diversity of forms of discipline. To make uniformity of government the criterion of the church, and the basis of reciprocal intercourse and communion, is to put church-order in the place of Christ. Christ must be first, fellowship next, and *then* as much uniformity as will follow from the two. This is the principle and spirit of Evangelical Dissent; and hence, *instead of being schismatical*, IT HAS LESS OF SECTARIANISM AND MORE OF CATHOLICITY THAN ANY OTHER SYSTEM WHATEVER."*

In the communion of the Church of England, we believe this is being seen as distinctly, perhaps even more distinctly than it is with

us. We do not mean among the ministers of the Church of England; these, with scarcely an exception, have always been the defenders of the "purple and fine linen" theory. In no spiritual or mystical sense have they believed the priest to be the "man with the reed in his hand to measure the temple," and woe betide the unfortunates who give an opposite measurement. And all are compelled to feel how the measurement entirely breaks down and fails. The sacramentarian hands over to the uncovenanted mercies of God, and that is to everlasting wrath and damnation, all who have not received the baptismal rite; but Archbishop Secker was never baptized himself, except by hands in a conventicle; and he baptized his Majesty George III.; and Butler, the author of the Analogy, was never baptized but by dissenting hands; and Bishops Reynolds, Hopkins, Cooper and Leighton are in the same predicament. It is fearful to think it, and horrible to say it,—here is a King, here are Bishops left to the uncovenanted mercies of God. Alas! perilous and dreadful plight, and for bishops too! What would be the value of Confirmation by such hands? In a Prayer-Book, in reply to the question, 'What is a Church?' we read:—"There can be no true Church unless it have the three orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. This is one mark by which we may know the true Church. God has not promised

* "Dissent not Schism."

to give salvation to any who are not members of the Church; but He has promised to lead His Church into all truth; so that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. We must take care, then, not to be led astray by false teachers and Dissenters from the Church, but to remain faithful members of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ.* But among the laity of the Church numbers are springing up all over our country to whom Ecclesiasticisms are not Divine shapes, but human accommodations. The difficulties and interests of human souls, of men and women, are always moral and spiritual, seldom ecclesiastical. Ecclesiastical principles are strong in the mind, in proportion as spiritual principles are weak. People in general care little for the abstract idealism associated with a building or a service. The good conferred by it or within it; the associations which have sprung up around it, the might of its ministrations in their holiness or their tenderness, in their power to meet the soul in its moods and its questionings; *these* are the things which give power to ecclesiasticisms or to sects. All our ministers are acquainted with church people who come to their temples, and are the most sedulous and devoted of their hearers, and seldom ask questions about the structure of church principles, satisfied with what ministers to

their own faith and life. Sometimes, it may be, they breathe a grief over the absence of their tender liturgy—beyond this, or some such unecclesiastical want as this, their minds do not seem to revert to old forms. We believe many among our own people need an education on this point. Some of our people are as stubborn, senseless, prejudiced, and narrow in their defence of their entirely formless ecclesiasticism, as are the veriest sacramentarians in the land in defence of their rigid and verbal church rights and usages. We should cultivate the free spirit which disdains all forms as a prison, but can use most and all if Jesus and the Holy Spirit be in them as a help; this must be the work of the energetic and spiritually minded amongst us, to increase the susceptibility of the conscience, to unstrap from the back of the free Christian man his painful knapsack, laden with church architectures, rubrics, symbolisms, and to bid him move forward, using all, disdaining none, if they may possibly be sanctified by the Word of God and by prayer. On the contrary, trampling under foot *all*, when efforts are made to elevate them into the seat of divine authority, claiming for choirs and transepts, baptismal and burial services, mitres and robes, and other such, a divine institution, or the mark of a special Divine grace.

* A Prayer-Book for the Young, or Complete Guide to Public and

Private Devotion for Youthful Members of the English Church.

2. Another distinct work of Congregationalism has, we believe, been less noted and referred to. Our last remark referred to the generality of its doctrine. We should next remember, *that the special mission of Congregationalism is to the thoughtful*. We believe the special mission of Congregationalism is to the middle classes; the most earnest classes of the country. Those of whom Richard Baxter said, and the truth of which saying we suppose all our churches, and most of the district churches, and town incumbencies of the Church of England, illustrates, "Freeholders, tradesmen are the strength of religion and civility in a country; and gentlemen beggars, and servile tenants are the strength of iniquity." In the nature of things, therefore, we should expect that its success will be limited. It is true, and the statement must go for what it is worth, Congregationalism is not a happy community for empty heads, and its services *may* degenerate into mere routine. On the other hand Church of Englandism *must* be routine, and the minister is liable to punishment who dares to depart from the routine; our readers remember Mr. Shore was shut in jail for preaching in an unconsecrated room; and we have in our memories, instances of the humblest curates resisting, and successfully resisting, the call of a bishop to put up a special prayer, originating from himself, and not sanctioned by the privy council.

The services of Congregationalism *may* degenerate into routine; but it is evident, that the whole theory of the service is founded in a belief in its life and spontaneousness. Let this be regarded as an evil; let it be said that it frequently begets a craving for sensationalism. A tendency to that very general complaint, *itching ears*; still it remains true; the service of Congregationalism is eminently a living service. This very frequently produces complaints, that the preacher is not up to the mark; that his prayers are not wakeful and fervid, and so on; but we maintain it as a million-fold better, that such complaints should exist and even grow, than that Congregations should sink to the condition of Dr. Southey's Farmer (*vide Doctor*), who boasted that the most comfortable sleep he had the whole week through, was in his old church pew on a Sunday afternoon. Who ever did hear church people complain of the want of life in their services? Occasionally some marvellous creature comes along like a breeze, creates a rubbing of the eyes, and a wondering as to the latitude in which such a creature can live, and if the creature be a bishop, like him of Oxford for instance, who really might pass for a very admirable second or third rate man amongst *us*; but to compare whom with such men as Binney, Samuel Martin, or Alexander Raleigh, would be the "superfluity of all

naughtiness," then the thing becomes miraculous, and—

"Still they gaped, and still the wonder grew ;

"That one small head contained the whole he knew."

It is marvellous—the whole system of the Church of England conduces to *thoughtlessness*, and its incessant imposition of, and padlocking-in routine tends to the creation of a droning ministry and droning hearers ; and that wonderful service she possesses ; the full-blown rose of the devotions of the best ages, with its charm of ineffable fragrance, its tearful beauty, and its rapturous lustres of life, is as innocent in most of the Churches of our country of any life-giving power, as though it were a lotus leaf.

Now the mission of Congregationalism is to awaken, and to sustain religious thought—it has been perhaps too much its theory, that religious feeling can only to be approached through the avenues of thought. The present day beholds amongst us many efforts to the cultivation of feeling ; but thought alone, or feeling alone, or both, which is best, in sacred balance of combination ; the intention of Congregationalism points to life ; in a word, *thoughtfulness*, as surely as we have designated the mission of the Church of England, as for the most part to *thoughtlessness*. We really say this, neither in sarcasm, nor in impertinence. Who does not know that *thoughtlessness* is the very sentiment and theory

which millions have of the religious life ! The acquiescence in that which is, without questioning whence it is, or what it is ; and hence, not to be unjust again, or to be supposed guilty of a sneer, *heads* predominate in chapels, *bonnets* in churches. Now these observations should we venture to think greatly guide our actions. We believe we may most advantageously, in ways we might easily point out, make our services more sensational ; but we are not so disposed to sigh for the multiplication of individual congregations, as to desire that each congregation shall become the centre of powerful pervading thought and conscience. If it be merely to go to a place of worship, perhaps there are some advantages the Church of England has over our own, as a histrionic and even subduing service, *We have not cultivated sufficiently a ministry for the thoughtless*—have talked too much, and prayed and sung too little, hence, the working classes especially have not had much sympathy with our mode of service, unless they have been already cultivated by experience and mental inquisitiveness. Nor have we much faith that the tactics already in use amongst us will be very efficacious to win them. The appeal of Congregationalism is made to intelligence—to common sense—it has a rude way of stripping off shams and seemings, and looking at things as they are, extremes meet in it—the most democratic in its

rule; it is the most conservative in its theology. The men most advanced among us in mental activity all proclaim this; it says to all its congregations, judge for yourselves, follow out this train of reasoning, compare these analogies. In what is called cultivation, its congregations may be regarded as inferior, few among our members could vie with Oxford or Cambridge—fresh men or fast men. But in weighing the ‘thoughts which wander through eternity,’ in fixing the lines of conduct, in solemn apprehensions of life, in fervid aspirations towards eternity, we believe the people of our congregations will take their place with any, and be far beyond most. Their strength and their weakness is, that they are self-contained. As this supposes the ministration and exercise of thought, eminently our mission is, to the *thought-wanting* and the *thoughtful*.

3. The remarks we have made imply the individuality of our religious convictions. Should we suffer for such? The Bishop of London, in his charge, delivered twelve months since, asserted that the only relic of religious persecution left, and that which we scarcely desired to see removed, since furnishing the only ground of antagonism, was Church rates. Why, the Bishop can know very little of the power his Church has, and the power it puts forth to oppress and to exact. It is a fact, that it cannot prevent its own bishops from

teaching infidelity, nor hinder the elevation of men of most doubtful teachings into the highest places, and to the most considerable emoluments; and as little can it prevent the insolence and injustice, the priestly absolutism, the iniquity of its system of advowsons and scholarships, and the thousand other forms in which the Nonconformist is made to feel and to suffer, because he is a Nonconformist. *Our third item in the order of work and wants, then, is our relation to citizenship.* What are our duties here? And at this moment we feel them to be especially perplexing and critical. The policy recommended by the Church Liberation Society calls for the most serious discussion and thought—that policy we may presume to be now not only well known, but to have been well discussed in Nonconformist circles. We presume our readers to be well aware, that the policy recommended at the recent Liberation Society Conference at Manchester, powerfully initiated by Edward Miall, and authorised and supported by the warm advocacy of the Nonconformists, is the renunciation of loyalty to liberal principles as the guide of electors on the hustings, and at the polling-booth, and simply recommends the acting upon the principle of loyalty to Nonconformist convictions; recommending, therefore, this as the distinctive and separating line of action, we venture to regard this at such a moment as the present, when we

shall before long have probably to front the difficulties of a general election, as, to say the least, most hazardous advice—advice which may possibly land the country in peril; for assuredly we should regard the lengthy elevation of a Tory Ministry to power as a national calamity. That policy must surely be doubtful, which sectionalises citizenship, and which makes either Nonconformist or Churchman, Nonconformist or Churchman, and nothing more. That something might be won from a Tory government, we do not very much doubt. Lord Derby's brief period of power, some time since, revealed the existence of a party apparently without any principles, disposed to retain power at the cost of anything which had made that party distinctive. The last of the Stuarts offered a bait to Nonconformists, for the purpose of giving legal standing to the Papacy, and that offer was, to the honour of our fathers, indignantly refused. We cannot but regard such advice as a serious playing with edged tools. The Nonconformist is such because he is more than a Nonconformist; he is a citizen, he must do nothing to peril his citizenship; he is a Nonconformist, because he conceives the alliance of Church and State incompatible with the freedom and rights of the citizen. To avow himself no longer a Liberal, but only a Dissenter, would, in the present state of education, with reference to our principles, we believe, do nothing to serve us.

The question of the relations of the Establishment to the State is fast becoming the question of the day. The letter of Mr. Neville to Mr. Gladstone, which we presume all our readers to have read, will do something to aid this issue—the question will make itself felt and heard through every part of the community with irresistible power; but we feel persuaded, the nation is not ripe for this extreme action yet; it will increase party bitterness to exceeding virulence. We are by no means of the number who desire to live in the gracious sunshine of the smiles of the clerics of the Establishment. We live in a town where, although the sects are surrounded by the clergy in very considerable numbers, no possible contingency of fraternity ever takes place. The striving of the Nonconformist has never been other than a striving for simple justice, and frequently against the extremest cruelty of intolerance and persecution; but ministers of the Establishment in this, as in every preceding day, to quote the language of Robert Hall, "Let us see that, however languidly the flame of their devotion may burn, that of resentment and party spirit, like vestal fire, must never be extinguished in their temples." We do not regret this; it is better so; we understand each other, we stand aloof from each other; as long as there is a Church Establishment, it must be so. The Nonconformist minister and the clergyman cannot

meet on equal terms. The meeting has too frequently implied patronage on the one side and servility on the other. We do not desire, therefore, to isthmus over the gulf between the parties; but we should as heartily deprecate the flinging down the brand of warfare—for to this the recommendation of the Liberation Society would assuredly come. We have also many serious misgivings about giving to Nonconformity that distinct, and especially political character, which, by this declaration it would be made to assume. Every clergyman, in the nature of things, of course holds a political religion; but this is probably not the case with one Nonconformist minister, while the result of such a line of conduct as that upon which we comment would assuredly transform thousands of meek ministers into mere political organs. We are by no means insensible to the value of the statesmanlike action of the Liberation Society, by its wise and sagacious chieftainship, by its hard-headed persistency, and its careful economy of its forces of money, and of brain, aided also in a pre-eminent degree, by the wilful and owl-like stupidity of Church dignitaries, who have written it into importance in newspapers, and published it into importance by archdeaconal and episcopal charges. The Liberation Society has become a real power in the country; the pages of the *Liberator* furnish a series of counts of one stupen-

dous indictment at the bar of justice, religion, common sense, and the Constitution against the Establishment; may we not trust the same wisdom still? Again we say, the hazards are fearful, already we fear that the latter years of our history have been rather favourable to the development of our political power than of our piety; of course every minister should regard himself as a citizen, but on every subject a minister may talk with less danger to his office, than on party politics; and he will by no means best fit himself for the advancement of his own divine work by a too-habitual reflection upon Nonconformist grievances, and Church and State inequalities. For these reasons we are rather disposed to say, let us continue to scatter abroad the seeds of sound Church principles, leavening the public mind everywhere with facts referring to the enormities resulting from the union of Church and State; exposing the mass of corruption inwrought, inter-textured with every part of the building; the corrupting state of the piles upon which the edifice is reared. But let us never suppose so unwise a supposition as that, because numerically we may seem even to equal the strength of the Establishment, that we have anything like the proportion of strength for a time of battle. Here are the dukedoms and the earldoms, the seats of power, spiritual and temporal; she has

wealth inexhaustible at her command, she has all resources, she is unsparing in the use of all, she has no fine principles to deter her from the use of them. In such a struggle, she could command innumerable towns; but she could probably move all the counties. If we forsake the great Liberals of the land, whose interests we have aided, certainly we could not expect them to stand by us; we should find innumerable fallings from our side; many partially with us now, in terror and fright would be scared away. We have not been able so to crowd the benches in the House of Commons with our representative men, as to count upon making a very strong impression under such circumstances; by a right organisation of our forces we have no doubt we may be able to tell; but, reversing the cry of Edward Miall, we would say, let us be loyal to Nonconformity by loyalty to British principles, the principles of freedom and the Constitution. We have woman's blood enough in our veins, to dread any alliance of liberalism with Romanism; it can never work us good. Milton, Marvel, and Pym, Cromwell, and the great men of 1688, all recoiled from an alliance with Romanism. We know our friends of the Liberation Society have no tenderness on this score. Although we have little doubt, that the tendency of their advice would be to increase the number of the Papist members in the House. We have no desire

to see that number increased. Let us remember that work with the Papists ever as we may in this country, apparently towards one common end of citizenship, the Romanist differs from us entirely in his conception of what constitutes the intrinsic end of civil government. The *Dublin Review* for July, 1863, well expresses what will always be the policy of the Roman Catholic as elector or member:—

Whatever be the true principles on which the ruler, when absolute, should conduct his legislation and administration, these are the very same principles on which each individual ruler should exercise his political functions, in cases where the government is mixed. *Or, to put it more specifically: if it be laudable that a Catholic absolute prince shall direct his legislation to his country's spiritual welfare, it must be laudable, in the same sense and in the same degree, that a Catholic member of the British Parliament may give such votes as may best promote the spiritual well-being of the British empire. In the following pages, then, whenever we use the words, 'ruler,' 'civil governor,' 'prince,'—it must be understood that we include under that name every one possessing any share in the civil government of any state, so far as regards the exercise of its political functions.*

And if our readers want any illustration of the intentions of Romanists in this country in their policy, an extract from the same article gives it:—

Another cause, too remarkable to be passed over, is the change which took place in two of the most important of our colonies—Canada and Australia. In Canada the Catholic Church was always strong, highly

respected, and possessed of great social influence. This was much increased by political changes in the colony, and by the diminution of the exclusive privileges of the Established Churches. In Australia, by the wise and equitable government of Sir Richard Bourke, the Catholic Church and the two Establishments were alike admitted, *pro rata*, to participate in the public revenues. This has given to the Catholic Church in Australia a position and pre-eminence which it does not possess elsewhere. We mention these two instances because they have undoubtedly reacted upon the mother country, and the stream of legislation has for these thirty years steadily set towards placing the Catholic Church of England on the same footing as in the colonies.

The Papist, then, has no hesitation about exercising all his power for the purpose of aggrandising his section of citizenship, however it may imperil the rest.

Reviewing these convictions, we can but express our hope, that Nonconformists will ponder very seriously, before they sacrifice their citizen character, and simply proclaim their vote for Salem Chapel at the Polling Booth.

4. But chief among the works and the wants of Congregationalists, we should place *the need for a sound and elaborate domestic policy*—the remarks we have made refer to what we are as to others, and especially before the Establishment; *in order to growth we need a system of means by which the life of churches and congregations may be sustained*. Such a system of means in our midst is unfolding itself more and more, day by day. They were wise and wary Church-

men—albeit not very righteous—who attempted to stave off the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Since the period when those atrocious Bills of Penalties ceased to be the law of the land, a day vividly in the memory of all of us, scattered Nonconformist communities and congregations have become powers, while it is still true that a social caste separates Churchman and Dissenter—more especially the clergyman and the dissenting minister, giving to the clergyman, of course, social rank and status the minister of the conventicle can never hope to attain. To thousands, we believe, in our country, Nonconformists are a kind of half-infidel sort of character, still clergymen have from time immemorial to the present, indulged in a facetious way—the author of the *Horæ Apocalyptice*, for instance, not a High Churchman either—of putting Dissenters, Infidels, and Chartists all in the one category, or like the Bishop of Oxford, grouping together Dissenting chapels and beerhouses, as the great obstacles to the spread of Church of Englandism—and many people, not particular in inquiring into the meaning of terms, give the Dissenters an enviable place between the *sans culotte* in politics and the infidel in religion. We do not so frequently hear of men imprisoned by the act of the Establishment; but the language uttered thirty years since by the *Quarterly Review*, perhaps it would not much modify now. I 2

"Suffice it to say, that an Established Church is an integral part of the British Constitution: as much so as trial by jury—as the throne, or the peerage, or the House of Commons itself: in fact, it is more ancient than any of them; and the development of our liberties, the growth of our external renown and our internal prosperity, have been—we will not so far beg the question as to say *produced by*, but at least we may say—implicated and vitally connected with our religious Establishment. Theorists may have imagined a monarchial and Christian State without a national religion, but, until our day, no practical statesman or writer, that we know of, had supported such a proposition: at all events, nothing is more certain, than the fact we have just stated—the *Established Church is part and parcel of the British Constitution*. It were waste of time to prove that fundamental axiom. From the moment, however, that the Reform Bill—*fons malorum*—was broached, the enemies of the Church, sectarians, and infidels began to advance a contrary doctrine—at first, incidentally, loosely, and vaguely; but of late, decidedly, boldly, and imperiously."

In the same pleasant manner the *Quarterly*, of a later date, ridicules the raising of congregations by "architectural forcing-glasses called chapels," and asks "Who is a Dissenting minister? Any one who will go through a certain form—present himself before the magistrate, and pay a shilling. What is a Dissenting chapel? Any room, any hovel for which a license may be obtained with equal facility."

Still, during the last quarter of a century, much has been done to lift the Dissenter in the social scale. On ourselves now depends

our farther advance—we must guard our own churches—we must conserve their interests. Since the period to which we have referred, it may be believed we have grown in independence. It is a great thing to say the *Regium Donum* has gone, the weekly offering has come. At present there are some points of especial interest connected with our domestic economy.

1. First and foremost of all, is perhaps, the question of *Trust-deeds*. Mr. Samuel Morley has done essential service by his paper on this topic, and the conflict of opinion it has originated. We have little doubt that the state of Trusts in churches of our faith and order a few years since, was most calamitous, and we suppose it is not much better now. In innumerable instances the chapel property had almost lapsed for want of vigilance. The writer of the present article some years since, became minister of a village chapel held by fourteen trustees, one only was living, an old man, seventy-five years of age, and the writer ventures to think he did a good service to posterity in placing the little house of God again, at any rate for another generation, in safe trusteeship. Mr. Morley says:—

"In illustration of these irregularities, I give a few extracts from a correspondence on this subject which I have conducted within the last fortnight with the secretaries of some of our county

associations. They will serve to show the need which exists for some attention to this matter, and the interest which is awakened by its introduction.

“‘Only about ten days ago,’ writes one of them, ‘I had occasion to make some inquiries about the trusts of one of our chapels, and found that years ago the deeds were taken away by a former minister, and never returned. With great trouble they have been traced to a legal firm in London, who refuse to search in their office for them without being paid for so doing. If found there, the recovery of them will be somewhat doubtful.’

“‘It is only a few days ago,’ writes another, ‘since I received a letter from a minister in the country who says, that the trust deed of his chapel appears to be entirely lost. The chapel was built between forty and fifty years ago, and only one of the trustees is alive.’

“‘The minister of ———,’ writes another, ‘informed me a few days ago that their chapel deed had been lost for years, or, to say the least, it could not be recovered. It had been committed to the keeping of the late ———, Esq., for what purpose I cannot say, but the people could not get it back.’

“‘Many of our deeds, it is to be feared, are not yet enrolled according to the provisions of the recent Acts, the time for which expires on May the seventeenth in the coming year, and without which

enrolment they are entirely worthless.’

But where is the question not beset with difficulties? and there are some who even here dread the influence of the endowment of the chapel property on the future well-being of the Church, involved in trust-deeds. Here there is a question, as Mr. Binney says, beset with “breakers on both sides.” Endowments are a great and real evil, but we believe no endowment can really maintain the existence of an error to any serious extent long. We have a right surely to guard our property from separation, to the propagation of error—breadth and width of Christian sentiment there may be, but it should surely be set apart to the propagation of the Christian sentiment, and the provision of a school or a chapel for a village or a neighbourhood, is as natural as the erection and endowment of a library, and the provision that that which was intended for all should not be seized by the gracelessness of one. On the principle upon which we would refuse to subscribe to a Unitarian chapel, he may surely prevent his property from lapsing into the hands of Unitarians, and if their principles prevail, devolve on them the difficulties of rearing a building.

With some point to this difficulty, Mr. Morley says:—

“I must not conclude, without expressing with all possible earnestness my conviction that the duty of our churches does not lie

in the direction of multiplying endowments and enlarging property, but in arousing themselves to meet the demands of the present generation. Property to be devoted to religious uses, cannot, in my judgment, be better invested than by an expenditure in the lifetime of its possessor. Invest it in any common earthly security, and 'the moth and rust will corrupt, and the thieves break through and steal.' But give it for God at once without reserve, that it may do His work and receive His blessing, and under the very eyes of the giver it will kindle as hallowed fire to consume the evil, or secretly and silently spread itself as streams of living water to make 'the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Our strength is not in the number and value of our parchments, or the extent of the property which they describe, but in the truth that abides and the holy life that glows in the hearts and minds of our renewed and instructed people. Unless the influence of property be jealously watched and restricted, it will be our weakness, and may prove even our ruin. The desire ought not to be for more endowments, but for more consecrated personal activity—*i.e.* for more holy and Divine life. The warning voices that come to us from elder and more richly-endowed communities tell of worldliness, strife, and corruption with which we fear they have become inextricably entangled, and should make us watchful lest we should

be overtaken by similar evils, and thankful, if, as a religious community, we have 'neither poverty nor riches,' and are without bonds and burdens free to serve Christ."

We trust that this paper will soon be in the hands of every church member, and that he will watch with especial interest its relation to any churches in which we he may be interested.

2. Another essential item of our present domestic polity, is the insistence upon the vitality and strength of the weekly offering; our convictions have not yet reached that point, at which we are prepared to plead as some do—weekly offering *versus* pewage. We must still regard the pew-rent as the back-bone of Congregationalism, and the only natural means of maintaining the freedom, independence, and respectability of the minister. There are no doubt many exceptions, and the munificence of two or three, has to be set against the poverty of many—but we speak of the rule—and our churches owe much to Mr. Ross, and many ministers too, who have found their incomes easily, almost magically increased by its simple operation. We believe that this will effect wonders rightly brought to bear upon our economical relations. Methodism owes its entire strength to its adoption from the first of these monetary tactics so simple, but so prescient, which have until now escaped our eyes.

3. The organisation of money, suggests the question of wider

organisation—organisation within the individual church, of which we fear there has in innumerable instances been little, and in many instances none—organisation of the churches, because each church is independent, many among us have recoiled from the idea of an association of churches, as if by such association, all independency were at an end. Visions of cramping conferences, presbyteries, synods, and councils instantly rose to the eye. Independent Churches have until recently existed in most places, with but slight bonds of affiliation, and this isolation has even in some instances, become more marked within the last few years. How can a community of churches be promoted? How can mutual relationship be established? Is there no way, no means by which the amazing wealth of some of our churches may be disposed to minister more to the poverty of others? Among us too, we have the rich churches, very rich, and the poor, very poor. We hope we are drawing near to the time, when these disparities will be ameliorated. We believe that organisation with us will be what organisation always is, when it is the result of thought and freedom, consolidation and union. Our freedom is our power and our peril, if we could move as a hand moves, variety in unity, we might impress and strike the nation; but we are a divided people, perhaps no sect enjoys its principles

more, or understands them less. *To what extent, with safety to the best interests of the freedom of the citizen and freedom of the conscience, might a modified Presbyterian element be introduced among us?* Such an element might be compatible with freedom of ministration, freedom of worship and service, freedom of church government, and ministerial and official selection; while the churches in one neighbourhood, might hold themselves as one community, help each other in weakness, find umpires in cases of difficulty. The action of some such central fountain of advice might inspire the capable to liberality, and minister to the necessities of the infant or impoverished church, and prove a friend and protector to the minister who too frequently stands alone without the staff of sympathy, and would help a church in many an emergency. We are exposed to the temptation, on the one hand, to carelessness and looseness; our teachings alike in the pulpit and the Sabbath-school have not the system and the order of our fathers; on the other hand, we are exposed to the temptation to narrowness and rigidity; perhaps some such modification would do more than anything else in bringing churches together to affiliate them in bearing and forbearing and melting the differences so formidable in isolation into one mild but not the less powerful Panopticon of light. We have to beware that our Independency is not

merely negative. Congregationalism should save it from being this; it will fence Independency with limitations. Congregationalism is the representative common sense of the Church; by and by, we believe, it will be the representative common sense of the nation. Congregationalism in its appeal to the Church is an appeal to Church order; but it is desirable that there should be as little obvious Church order as possible.

4. This has been the great chapel-building age of Congregationalism. Let us now rather devote attention to the means by which we shall fill them. We will not ask here whether our ministry has improved or deteriorated. We yet may venture to express our own belief, recorded now many times that the ministry was never in a more healthful and vigorous state than now; but what can give more efficiency to pastoral vigilance? Should not a minister be a pastor? Are its duties incompatible with the exercise of the more sustained and obvious work of the ministry? The demands made on the minister are prodigious, and usually very ungraciously received. Visitor, lecturer, teacher, preacher, he is expected to fill all offices, and to attend to all the philanthropic work of the village or the town

besides. The tax levied on the energies of the minister by some congregations is most cruel and exacting; it would be a sound principle to lay down—every man look after his own Church. This is another secret of the strength of the great Methodist body, and especially we need to awaken again; to call into existence and activity the power of that useful, but too much neglected person, *the lay preacher*. Sometimes the layman, so unfitted to sustain the office of the settled pastor, will be even a more admirable means of awakening a conscience and a neighbourhood than the more quiet settled pastor, and we have often thought that if we were to wish the best gift for the diffusion of life through our churches, it would be a hundred men like Handel Copham, of Bristol, with all the interests of cares of business on his hands, but with a heart and a tongue on Sabbath days, devoted to waking the towns, or pouring the light of the Gospel with an easy, simple, natural eloquence through the dark villages of a country.

Such seem to us to be some of the especial things needed this opening of a new year, for thoughtful discussion, and earnest and vigilant handling by Congregationalists.

Monthly Tablet of Eclectic Matters.

MR. COBDEN AND THE 'TIMES.'—One of the most remarkable domestic circumstances of the month is the great literary duel between the distinguished member for Rochdale and the great literary Behemoth. In all matters it would seem, there are two sides and two opinions; a man cannot be sentenced to death, without provoking many doubts, if not of his guilt, then of his sanity; and thus the *Times* finds its apologists. The sentence in the *Times* which has led to such a coil of leaders in innumerable papers was a very short one, and simply attempted to fasten on Mr. Bright the imputation of having desired to see a division of the lands of the rich in this country for the benefit of the poor. If we marvel at all at the letter of Mr. Cobden, it is only that he did not give to the assertion the shortest and sharpest negative of which the English language is capable, which would have called only for the penning of these letters. We are so constituted as not to envy the character of any man who can think Mr. Cobden in the wrong. Mr. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, thinks it especially ungraceful that Mr. Cobden should pour out his vindictive eloquence, in reply to the assault, inasmuch as he is Mr. Bright's friend. One would say the friends of Mr. Delane have very little to expect in the way of good offices; a more strange and inhuman objection was perhaps never urged. It would be curious to pile together the epithets which have been heaped as characterising Mr. Cobden's letter. It is indignant, no doubt, very in-

dignant,—we think naturally indignant. Had the *Times* said, that Mr. Bright recommended his mechanics and artisans to go forth and to set fire to the farmsteads and seats of the great landlords of the country, surely some indignation would have been expected in the refutation of the lie and the libel. The charge it preferred against Mr. Bright was in fact as serious, and it was intended even to be much more damaging than such a statement could possibly have been. Mr. Cobden has made Behemoth stand trembling and panic-struck in the midst of his mire. Day after day the news of the world had to wait and be kept back whilst column upon column was crowded with justifications of the *Times*, from all the out-of-the-way little penny papers and surly old Protectionist grunTERS from every part of the empire. We dare to think that Mr. Cobden has added another to his innumerable good services rendered to the country in thus tearing off the mask—although he has done it with indignant strength—from the most truculent antagonist, to all the highest principles, which has always on hand bottles of venom or vehemence, to aid its time-serving policy. The remarkable thing is that the *Times* may load, with any measure of abuse, Mr. Cobden's name, so long as it is done anonymously. When Mr. Cobden writes a dignified exposure of the *Times* he ceases to be a gentleman.

DEATH OF MR. THACKERY.—Not only the most noticeable of the deaths of the month, but probably of the deaths of the year, is that of

the great satiric master of the age. Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the position Mr. Thackeray should occupy as a novelist, there can be but one as to his pre-eminence as chief scourger of the vices and follies of the time, he might even with more truth than Pope before him have said :—

“I own I'm proud, I must be proud
to see
“Men not afraid of God, afraid
of me.”

We were not only expecting a new work from his pen, but naturally hoped that for many years he would have delighted and adorned English literature and society. He was comparatively young, born at Calcutta in 1811, educated at the Charter House, the institution he so affectionately memorialises in “*The Newcomes*.” Our readers do not need to be informed that his works are very voluminous, although he continued a long time quite unknown—we may add unsuccessful. Posterity will perhaps assign to “*Vanity Fair*,” the chief place among his works; it lifted him into fame and eminence; but the “*Book of Snobs*” is his most compact and powerful sermon on the hollowness of the times and society. His style was pre-eminently that of a mighty master; his power over the fountains of tears was very great; in addition to all these eulogistic remarks, it is a satisfaction of a higher order to believe, that he was in his private relations known as an eminently just and righteous man, it almost seems that the falling of such a preacher from our ranks is a gain to iniquity.

THE BURNING OF KAGOSIMA.—This is the most infernal transaction which has reached our ears for a long time. We trust our

readers will not allow the memory of it to sleep. Kagosima is a town of from 150,000 to 180,000 people. It has been blown to destruction by the “spirited” (!) conduct of Vice-Admiral Kuper. The beautiful propriety of the transaction is further illustrated by the fact that the inhabitants of Kagosima were innocent of the transactions which called for the vengeance of the British Government. And if we may take such an illustration, it is something like visiting doom upon Penzance for the sins of Yarmouth. We are glad to see the Peace Society has memorialised Government upon this enormous iniquity. Mr. Binney, with his prompt power of turning the pulpit into a whispering gallery for the communication of higher civil sentiments, delivered himself nobly, at the Weigh House, on this subject; he might well say, “instead of being thought worthy to spread the truth, and welcomed in doing it, these things expose Englishmen to the cutting rebukes of their own Bible, and to the contempt and aversion of the idolatrous ‘barbarian.’ ‘What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth?’ ‘For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles *through you*.’”

M. RENAN AND THE KING OF ITALY.—One of the most bitterly ludicrous circumstances we have noticed during the past month is, the conferring of the cordon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus upon M. Ernest Renan, by the King of Italy, in recognition of the services he has rendered to religion. ‘Eminent services rendered to religion by M. Renan!’ We presume by the publication of his *Life of Jesus*, upon which we cannot but re-

mark that Judas Iscariot might also have received some cordon of honour or other for his eminent services rendered to religion! After all there is a propriety in the transaction. The King of Italy who betrayed and imprisoned Garibaldi, to whom he owes his present sovereignty, decorates the man who blasphemes the Saviour!

THE TWO DRs. VAUGHAN.—The *Patriot* has called attention to an amusing mistake made by the *Press*, a leading organ of the Conservative party, reviewing the *Revolutions of English History*, by our well-known Dr. Vaughan. It all along quietly assumes it to be the production of the worthy Vicar of Doncaster; so the work falls in for a meed of praise it certainly would not have received from that organ. *The Press*, however, expresses its sorrow in having to speak rather sharply upon some matters 'to such a Christian and such a Divine,' and in the course of its criticism, noticing the unconservative character of the history, it expresses what we believe to be a great truth, viz., that 'to be a liberal and a churchman, are two aspirations not easily harmonized in a man's mind.' We believe the excellent Dr. C. J. Vaughan does

harmonize the two aspirations in a very considerable degree; but what are we to think of the carefulness either of the reviewer or of the editor, who could fall into so ridiculous a blunder as this?

HOPE FOR INDIA.—The death of Lord Elgin has led to an appointment, of all appointments to high political office lately, the most satisfactory, although an innovation upon the practice which has for a long time limited it to the Peerage. Sir John Lawrence is now the Governor-General. The expectations which wait upon his departure to that vast Viceroyalty are great; but they are justified by his great achievements already as the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub. Even now agitations in the north-west front of the Empire need a firm hand for holding the reins of Government, and possessing the instincts and capacities of rule. Great expectations too are founded upon the fact, that Sir John seems to be a truly religious without being an ecclesiastical man, and this conjoined to great statesmanship, forms exactly the character the great Empire of India now especially wants for the work of Government.